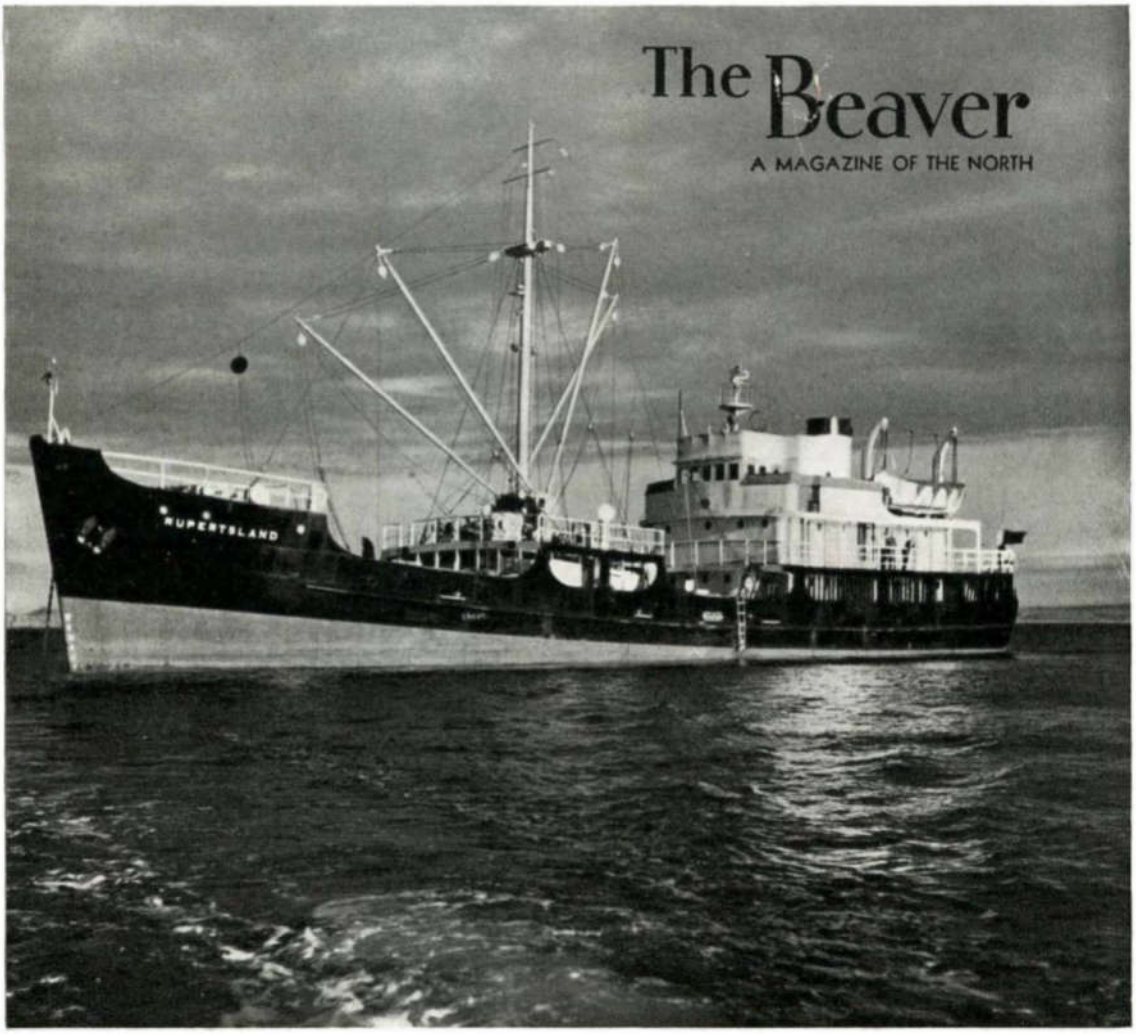
The Beaver

A MAGAZINE OF THE NORTH

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY BY Hudson's Bay Company. OUTFIT 281 JUNE 1950.

INCORPORATED 2ND MAY 1670



M. V. "Rupertsland" Rt. Rev. D. B. Marsh

OUTFIT 281 JUNE 1950

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ONE DOLLAR A YEAR

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY BY

HUDSON'S BAY HOUSE Hudson's Bay Company. WINNIPEG, CANADA

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TO EDMONTON IN 1892

by James Taylor Dunn

Elizabeth Taylor's trip down the Mackenzie in 1892 was described in the "Beaver" for March and June 1948. This article deals with the events which led up to that journey.

"THIS is a beautifully situated little town," wrote a visitor in May of 1892 concerning the fast-growing frontier settlement of Edmonton. "I had rather live here than any small Canadian town I have seen." That visitor, on her way north to the Mackenzie Delta, was 36-year-old Elizabeth Taylor, youngest daughter of the popular United States consul at Winnipeg, James Wickes Taylor.

The Mackenzie River trip had been vaguely planned for several years. She had had it in the back of her mind when she made a trial trip up the Nipigon in 1888 to see how good a camper she would turn out to be (*Beaver*, September 1949). With the extension of a branch line of the Canadian Pacific Railway to Edmonton in 1891, she was able to make definite arrangements to reach Peel's River and return during the summer months. The earliest mention of the trip is to be found in a letter dated September 6, 1891. At that time she was living in a small apartment in Paris, just around the corner from the Luxembourg Gardens. She was studying art as well as making all plans for her trip. Consul Taylor's many friendly contacts with officials of the Hudson's Bay Company were most valuable to her. He thoroughly approved of the journey, and in February of 1892, for example, he wrote a letter to his friend Sir Donald A. Smith, Governor of the Company. "She will return [from Paris] in May next," he said, "and recognizing that the localities immediately adjoining the Canadian Pacific Railway have been very fully described, she has directed her attention in the direction of the Athabasca and Mackenzie. . . . I hope to be indulged in the request that you will extend to my daughter every encouragement and facility that you would be disposed to render to myself under similar circumstances."

Miss Taylor had first planned a trip through the Peace River region. "A Hudson Bay trader," she reported, "that I was to have gone with over a certain *very* difficult part of the way, turns out, on private inquiry, not to be a suitable escort. . . . But in a letter received a few days ago, my Hudson Bay Company correspondent suggests another [the Mackenzie River] as being 'the cheapest, the easiest and the pleasantest trip to be taken in our territories.'"

With that decision made, she sought help from a friend in Paris, the then unknown young Canadian artist-naturalist, Ernest Seton Thompson, who was interested in taking the same trip the following year. "I have begun my independent career," she wrote a friend in St. Paul, Minnesota, "by ignoring all conventionalities and having a young man call here. . . . But considering that we had a quantity of business to attend to . . . and that I am getting older and homelier every day, I thought I might begin to have some privileges of age." They discussed many northwest subjects. They weighed the merits of Jaeger flannels, air mattresses, binoculars. He taught her how to skin birds and what she should take along for the preservation of the specimens of wild life she planned to collect.

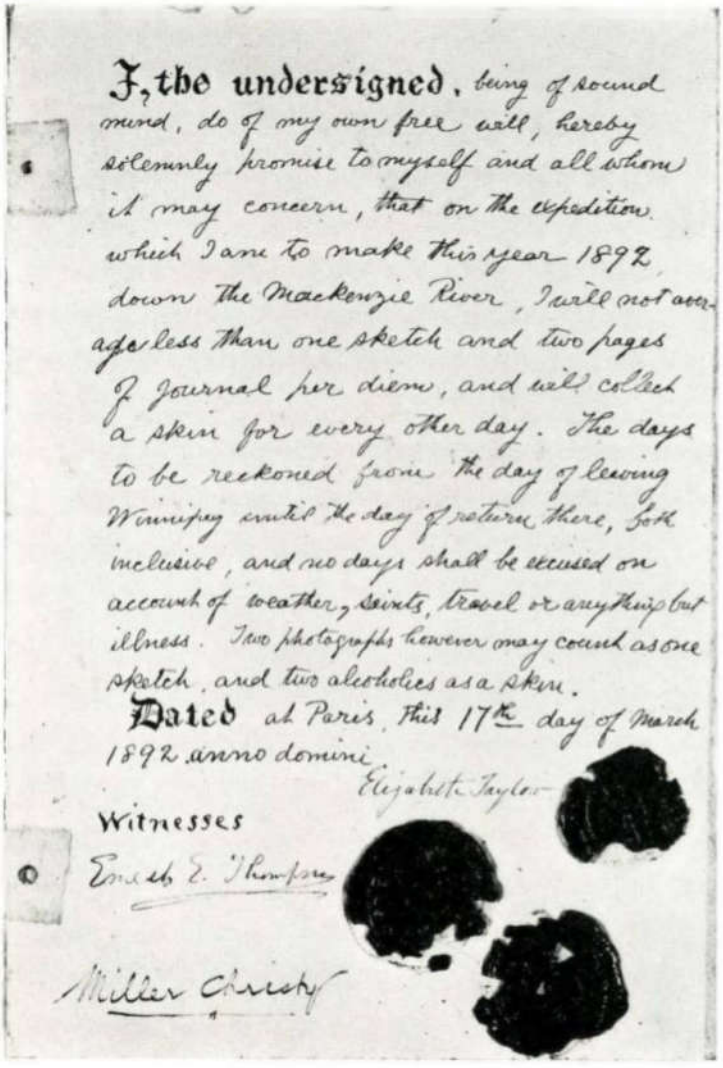
Miss Taylor corresponded with the British Museum and with men like Joel A. Allen, of New York's Museum of Natural History, about gathering together specimens of birds, flowers, fish. They advised her to collect everything she could lay her hands on. And she was busy, also, outfitting herself. Of course she wanted to take some reading matter, but it was difficult to decide what. Her list was finally boiled down to Elliott Coues' book on birds, "two of Dr. [David Starr] Jordan's books, and some government reports . . . a Bible, a John Burroughs' book . . . one tiny book of Daudet's short stories . . . and my notebooks." So, armed with botanizing equipment and bird books, with letters of introduction from Sir Donald A. Smith, Archbishop Taché and others, and filled with an unusual enthusiasm "for three months of pure air, for new birds, new animals and new fish and flowers; a new world, strange and desolate, but wonderfully interesting," she left Paris and her art studies behind her on March 20, 1892. She spent one month in England shopping and studying, and then proceeded west; destination, the Mackenzie Delta.

A group taken in Paris before Miss Taylor left. She is the second from the right. Ernest Thompson (later Thompson Seton) who helped her plan the journey, is the tall man in the middle.

Elizabeth Taylor's entries in her lengthy journal of the Mackenzie River trip were first begun the day she left the Latin Quarter of Paris. But it wasn't until two months later that she really started the first lap of the journey. That was the day she left Calgary, accompanied by Inspector James McDougall of the Hudson's Bay Company. "The Inspector is delightful," she wrote a friend, "a rugged, homely, simple Scotchman, of whom I stand in a good deal of awe. What different objects of admiration one has in different parts of the world. Here it is 'a good traveller' that seems the most admirable thing."

In another letter she told of the trip to Edmonton. "It was a sharp cold day when we left Calgary. We could see for about three hours the jagged peaks of the Rockies showing above the brown swells of land—perhaps fifty miles away. . . . For hours we saw hardly a house. At long intervals, a place for watering the engine, a little house for the man in charge, and that was all. This road is a new one and emigration has hardly set in."

Ernest Thompson appears to have drawn up this "pledge" which he and Elizabeth Taylor signed. Miller Christy, Fellow of the Linnaean Society, was the well-known authority on early voyages to the Arctic and Hudson Bay.



I, the undersigned, being of sound mind, do of my own free will, hereby solemnly promise to myself and all whom it may concern, that on the expedition which I am to make this year 1892 down the Mackenzie River, I will not average less than one sketch and two pages of Journal per diem, and will collect a skin for every other day. The days to be reckoned from the day of leaving Winnipeg until the day of return there, both inclusive, and no days shall be excused on account of weather, saints, travel or anything but illness. Two photographs however may count as one sketch, and two alcoholics as a skin.

Dated at Paris this 17th day of March 1892 anno domini.

Elizabeth Taylor

Witnesses

Ernest E. Thompson

Miller Christy

En route, one scene drew her attention, "a great raw-boned ranch man seated on a small boulder, his arms crossed on his knees, his great cap pulled over his ears, and his long sheep stick balanced on his knees. He was watching the train pass, in a rather wistful fashion. Behind him great flocks of sheep covered the brown slopes, over the slopes the peaks of the Rockies, and one tiny white tent on a distant hill—the ranchman's home."

Nearing Edmonton, she came upon signs of settlers, and at one place about four hundred Stoney Indians came down to meet the train and see it pass. They brought their ponies along to accustom them to the unusual sight of engine and cars. "The whole crowd set up a fearful yell as we came near, and raced along the track until we had left them behind, one by one."

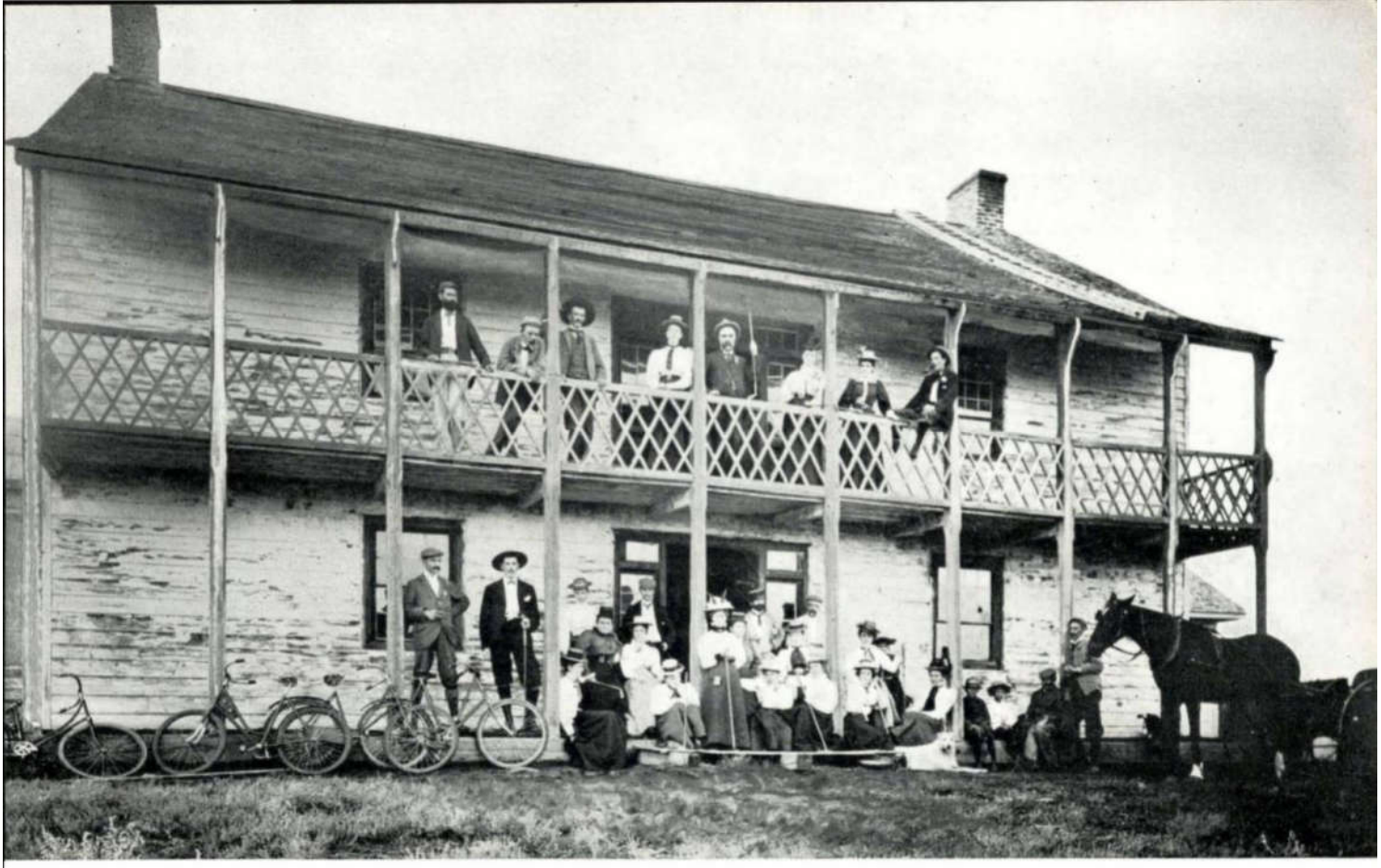
It was upon her arrival at Edmonton, seeing the town first from across the river at Strathcona, that Miss Taylor wrote: "This little place is beautifully situated on the high banks of the North Saskatchewan, one of the finest sites I have ever seen . . . on the whole the most *liveable* place I have seen in the northwest or west." She was greatly impressed by the "fine large river [which] winds far below the city in strong curves," the evergreen-covered hills, the graceful silver poplars and "the neat, tasteful little homes in among the trees on the high bluffs."

To get from the C.P.R. station, across the barge ferry and to the Jasper House hotel, she took an open three-seated wagon—she and eight others, plus their luggage. "I thought the springs would certainly break. . . . The three heavy men in the seat behind clutched hold of our seat, while one of them enlivened us with an account of dreadful accidents—of one friend especially who broke his neck and 'was *such* a sight to look at!' I was stared at by little knots of men in the streets—no women to be seen." Edmonton was still very much of a frontier town.

Miss Taylor's five days there were filled with letter writing and social visits, but she did take some time out to walk around the town and to do some necessary last-minute shopping for the trip down north. "It seems to me," she observed, "that this 'last postoffice in the Northwest' ought to be a large place sometime."

There were visits from the wives of Hudson's Bay Company employees, friends of her father. "They are kindly, hospitable people, and the women have led such hard lives in former years and are so self-reliant and courageous that I feel like a helpless 'fraid cat' by the side of them. . . . Mrs. [Richard] Hardisty called . . . to take me to drive. . . . Went to H.B. fort, near old H.B. house, down the hill, across the ferry to the station and up the hill opposite the town, then back again and around the part farthest from the river to the lacrosse and racing ground, and then back to Mrs. Hardisty's. Her house beautifully situated on the bluff overlooking the river."

"The little town of Edmonton," she explained, "was formerly the most important post in the Saskatchewan district. A large trade was carried on with the Assiniboines, Blackfeet and the Cree tribes on the plains, and many bloody battles took place nearby between the two



Chief Factor Richard Hardisty's "Big House" on the rise above Fort Edmonton. The picture was taken about four years after Miss Taylor's visit, when it had become the clubhouse of Edmonton's first golf club. (Identification of the people in the photo would be welcomed.)

last tribes, who were hereditary enemies. In those warlike times the fort was strongly defended by palisades, bastions and small cannon, and occupied a commanding site on the high bluff above the river. Many of the buildings have been removed, and though furs are still brought here, the old fort and a new store in the town are now occupied as general trading establishments, and supply the rapidly growing town."

Another day she took dinner with Mrs. Harrison Young, who lived in the "old" Hudson's Bay house. "I say old, for it impresses one so, but Mr. Y. told me it was only nineteen years old. The house stands on a high hill overlooking the river, on a slope above the old fort, which is itself high above the river—a grand sweep of country to be seen from the piazza."

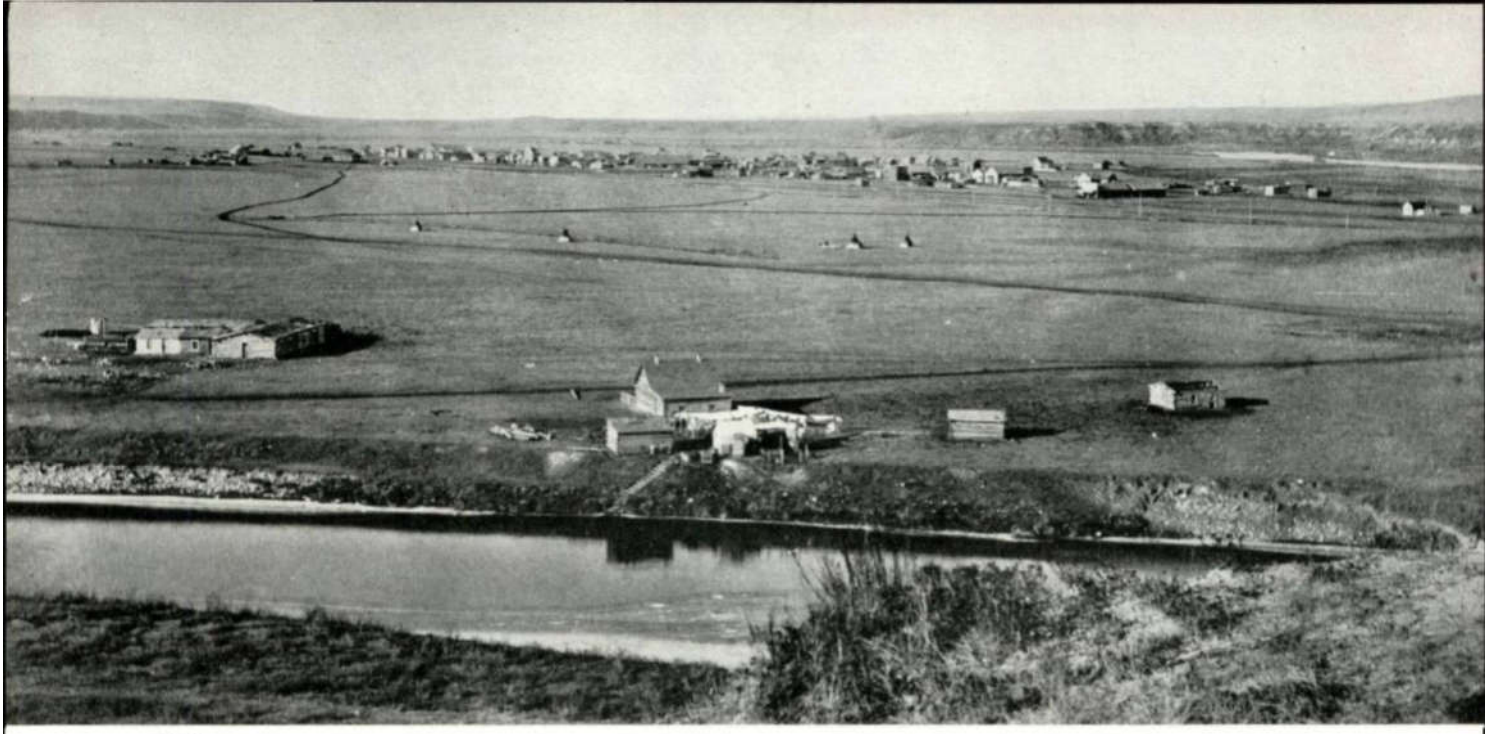
"I have bought my little camp kettle as a last preparation," she wrote her brother-in-law in Troy, New York. ". . . It holds 3 pints, is of copper, costs $1.75 and *should* be good—has no seams at the bottom. I judge, from the solemn and important way in which the Inspector and the Chief Trader discussed the kettle in all its bearings, that it is no light thing to leave for the far North without a proper kettle."

While Miss Taylor was visiting, writing letters, looking around the town and shopping at the Company's store for additional camping supplies for her trip, the townspeople of Edmonton were busy puzzling over why she was there. As reported to her, the general impression around town seemed to be that she was going in to marry a missionary of the Athabasca district. "They cannot account for me in any other way," she wrote, "since they find I am not to stop here and deal in real estate, or take up a claim." If she were not already the wife of a Hudson's Bay trader, the people argued, then it followed as a matter of course that she was going to be the bride of a missionary. "Being a bashful young woman," she wrote, "I am fearful of what the local paper, to be published on Monday, will say of me."

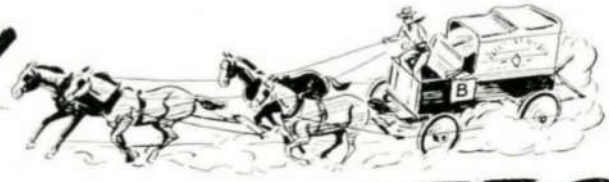
Miss Taylor need not have worried. As she left Edmonton in the midst of the celebrations for Queen Victoria's birthday, she may even have picked up a copy of the previous day's *Bulletin*, which had this to say:

"Miss Taylor, daughter of United States Consul Taylor, of Winnipeg, arrived on Thursday's train on her way north to the Arctic Circle by the H. B. steamers on the waters of the Mackenzie. Miss Taylor is an experienced travellor and is also a naturalist and artist. Times are changed when a lady can travel for pleasure and information, without escort, over the ground where Richardson, Black [Back] and Franklin suffered such terrible privations and hardships, and even death, not so very long ago."

Well could she boast to her dearest friend, as she had while still in Paris, "Helen, I am going to be an Arctic explorer. If I carry out my plans, I shall next year be able to speak of Me and Franklin!"



1890. The settlement of Calgary sixty years ago, seen from the high land above the Elbow River, looking northwest. Cart tracks wind across the plain past Indian teepees, and one of them leads to the little station of the Canadian Pacific Railway, whose transcontinental line is marked by the row of telegraph poles. The Bow River shows in the distance on the extreme right. R.C.M.P.

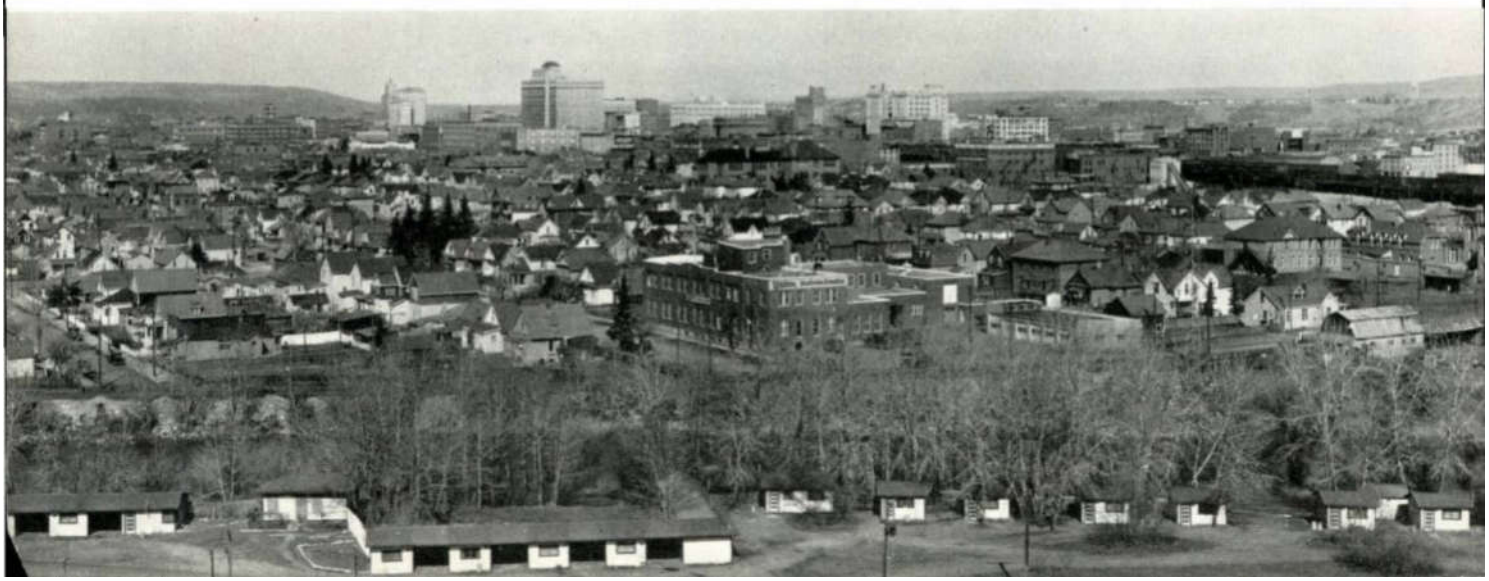


CALGARY CELEBRATES

by James H. Gray

The fact that Calgary was founded 75 years ago by the North West Mounted Police provides its citizens with a very good excuse for celebrating—just as if they needed one!

1950. The same view as it appears to-day, with the plain between the rivers covered by Calgary. Lines of freight cars at the right crowd the network of tracks that has taken the place of the single line of 1890. Tall stone and brick buildings have superseded the wooden shacks, and modern dwellings stand where the nomad Indian pitched his teepee.



OF all the cities of Canada, old or young, which one would you logically expect to stage a riotous seventy-fifth anniversary celebration on its fifty-seventh birthday? No Canadian quiz fan would stumble over that one. With no hesitation at all he'd answer: "Calgary, of course!" He'd be absolutely correct and would walk away with the white painted jackpot shaped like a ten-gallon hat.

At this writing the form which the anniversary celebration will take is rather nebulous. But even the most inexpert clairvoyant can predict its broad outlines. There will be the gaudiest stampede parade within the memory of man; there will be countless re-unions of the extant old-timers; several gross of cowboy hats will be distributed to unwary visiting celebrities and lodge brethren; there will be colour and noise and good fun and games and ear-splitting *yip-e-e-e-e-e-s* sounding and resounding through the night. And (with Regina, Winnipeg and Edmonton dissenting) it will all be topped off by another Grey Cup safari to Toronto in late November.

Ever since a whooping and hollering crew of Calgarians, two years ago, took a traditionally stuffy football game and single handedly transformed it into Canada's outstanding national sports spectacle, Calgary has been cavorting in the national spotlight. Its ebullient, good humoured brashness has somehow touched a spark and ignited something Canadians never even suspected they possessed—an explosive personality. All over the country—in Toronto, Ottawa, Montreal and Winnipeg—inhibited and reserved citizens have been throwing off restraints and starting to act like Calgarians. To wit and for example—the craze for square dancing that is taking hold everywhere.

Because of Calgary, a new spirit is emerging from Canadian cities. They are starting to exchange goodwill ambassadors instead of sneers and insults. Toronto last year sent a trainload of its citizens to Calgary and they got a terrific welcome everywhere they stopped. Because of all this, Calgary finds itself in a position somewhat akin to the rookie centre who scores three goals in an N.H.L. Stanley Cup final. Everybody expects repeat performances, including the rookie himself.

As it happened, however, 1950 started out to be a quiet year in Calgary. Then somebody discovered it was exactly seventy-five years ago that the North West Mounted Police founded the city by building a post there. That made this Calgary's seventy-fifth birthday, didn't it? And a seventy-fifth birthday calls for a big party, doesn't it? What if it wasn't incorporated as a town until 1884, as a city until 1893? So what? Who cares about vital statistics anyway? Let's get on with the party!

Winnipeg celebrated its seventy-fifth anniversary last year. By using Calgary arithmetic, it could as easily have celebrated its 211th anniversary. Edmonton, by calculating time from the establishment of the Hudson's Bay post at Fort Edmonton in 1795, would be 155 years old this summer. Neither Edmonton or Winnipeg would even think of such notions. But Calgary would; which is as good a way as any to illustrate the quality that makes it unique among Canadian cities.

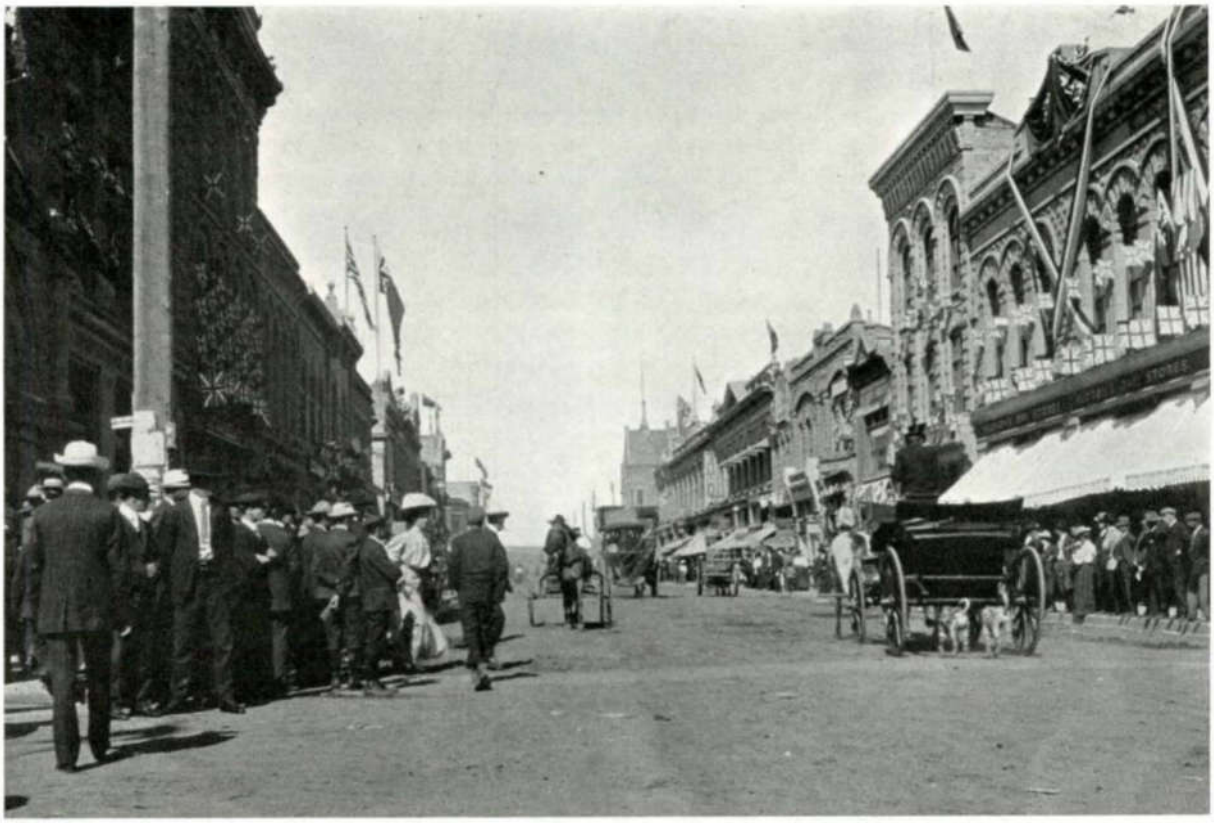
Civic psychoanalysts who probe around in search of explanations for off-pattern conduct could ascribe Calgary's to many complex causes. To the climate, of which Calgarians are inordinately proud, to the pattern of land settlement and survival of a rough and ready pioneer spirit, to the natural wealth and fertile soil that surrounds it. Or they could accurately put it down to the fact that Calgary has always been Fortune's favorite. Destiny, not once but many times, has picked Calgary up off its face, patted it on the back and given it a fresh start.

The Mounties' Fort Calgarry (Inspector Brisebois, its first commandant, named the fort after himself, but his order was promptly squelched) was built as an outpost of Fort MacLeod in the campaign against the whiskey traders. By all accounts it was the dullest post in the whole West. Its garrison, over long stretches, consisted of one lonesome and bored constable. I. G. Baker & Company of Montana and the Hudson's Bay Company set up trading posts soon after the fort was finished. A half-breed settlement sprang up on the mud flats around the fort. But even by 1880 no frontier gambler would have wagered a plugged quarter that Calgary would ever amount to much.

Then two things happened. In 1881, the governor-general, the Marquis of Lorne, visited the post and southern Alberta. Everything he saw impressed him and he returned east full of enthusiasm for the future of the area as great ranching and farming country. He was the first of a long procession of visitors who hit the spot and were conquered by it. Lorne gave Calgary a leg up on the road to fame and fortune. The C.P.R., when it announced that its main line would run through Calgary, fitted it with seven-league boots—high-heeled cowboy boots, that is.

With the Marquis of Lorne beating the drum, and with the C.P.R. building the railway, English capital poured out to establish horse ranches and cattle ranches. At the same time, closing of the ranges in the States turned American ranchers northward. Great herds of beef cattle were trailed all the way from Texas to Alberta. Huge caravans of Red River carts were soon on the move between the border and Calgary, between Calgary and Edmonton. Calgary gradually emerged as the shopping and trading centre for the ranching empire. Its population rose slowly to 3,000 in 1893. By the turn of the century it was up to 5,000. By 1910 it was roaring up to the 50,000 mark and people were not only talking about but actually planning for a city of a million people.

The first ten years of the century were truly Calgary's golden decade. No other prairie city, not even Winnipeg, enjoyed a wilder real estate boom. Banks were kept open far into the evening to enable the real estate promoters to carry their baskets of money in for deposit. The Palliser Hotel, Lancaster Building, Lougheed Building and Southam Building shot high into the sky. Hudson's Bay Company which had somehow managed not to be the builder of the first fort and hence founder of Calgary,



1906. Eighth Avenue, decorated for one of Calgary's celebrations, looking west from Centre Street. Note the two-decker horse drawn omnibus, and the carriage dogs following the Victoria. H B C store on the right.

frantically made up for lost time. It early bought out the Alberta business of I. G. Baker & Company, and its business outgrew one store after another. In 1911 it started work on its big, six-storey, gleaming white structure at the corner of First Street West and Seventh Avenue.

When completed in 1913, and opened by the Lieutenant-Governor, it was not only a monument to Calgary's optimism, it was Canada's most magnificent mercantile mart, and there was nothing in the United States to surpass it between Marshall Field's and the Pacific ocean. Enlarged even further in 1929, it still pops the eyes of American tourists from the wheat states.

1950. On the left is the same stretch to-day. H B C store is the large white building. Rosetti

The collapse of the real estate boom in '13 should have permanently stunted the town. It probably would have. Only the first oil well blew in Turner valley in 1914, to presage the fabulous oil boom of the 1920's. Then it was the oil promoters who kept the banks open late to accommodate their deposits. Fortunes were made and fortunes were lost in oil, as they had been in real estate. But in the process of both, great sums went into permanent capital assets, like stores, office buildings, hotels; like oil refineries, pipelines and secondary industries. These survived, and they form the sound basis for Calgary's prosperity today.

It was just as well that Calgary had its oil boom in the 1920's, because it was then that the great ranching industry on which the town was built went through the wringer. In the depression that followed the first war, fortunes invested in beef cattle on the ranges melted like snow before a Calgary chinook. Hundreds of sturdy pioneers, men who had come from England, eastern Canada and the United States and grew rich as they developed the country, were swallowed up in a flood of bankruptcies.

When the general depression hit in 1930, it hit hard. What made survival somewhat easier in Calgary than in many other cities was that its growth had given it diversity. The farmers stayed on the land. The ranchers dug in and held on by their teeth. The wells drilled during the boom

still belched huge quantities of gas that had to be processed into fuel. The refineries had to handle the oil. Cattle still had to be marketed. Things were tough, though bearable, until Destiny smiled again and crude oil gushed from a wild-cat well on the flank of Turner Valley. Calgary was away again in a rush of blue flame and oil slick!

Whether a town makes the people or the people make the town can be argued either way in Calgary. But this cannot be argued—it is awfully hard to live in Calgary very long and still be a pessimist. For one thing, the climate is against it. Just as the wind reaches a velocity that will lift Calgary and all its inhabitants clear into Saskatchewan, it stops blowing, the world is drenched in the sun, and the Rockies signal beckoningly from the far horizon. There is the very atmosphere itself—the half-mile high lightness of the air that exhilarates the lungs of refugees from the smog of eastern and western cities. And it is no less intoxicating to the natives.

When you look out of your front window, and see the sun glinting off the roof of a barn ten miles away, it's hard to be short-sighted about anything. Just as it's hard not to be enthusiastic about life when the sun shines with such intensity so consistently.

Yet even so—make all the allowances permitted for environment, and the people of Calgary still seem a race apart. If their habitual reaction to anything deviates from the norm, the explanation may easily be this: their ingredients are not exactly the same as those of the other cities. The admixture of peoples and cultures in Calgary differs from that of Edmonton, Winnipeg or Saskatoon.

From the beginning, Calgary has had a curious attraction for English people of high and low estate. The original ranch boom brought a large influx of wealthy British people who sank roots deep into the country. They built themselves fine homes, imported fine furniture and horses. Accustomed to the best, they drove Hudson's Bay post managers batty with queer orders that ranged all the way from grand pianos, fine rugs and tapestries to esoteric condiments and clothes and riding habits from Bond Street. Traces of all that survive even today. The "Bay" grocery department, in Calgary, is forced to carry a greater variety of lines than any other store.

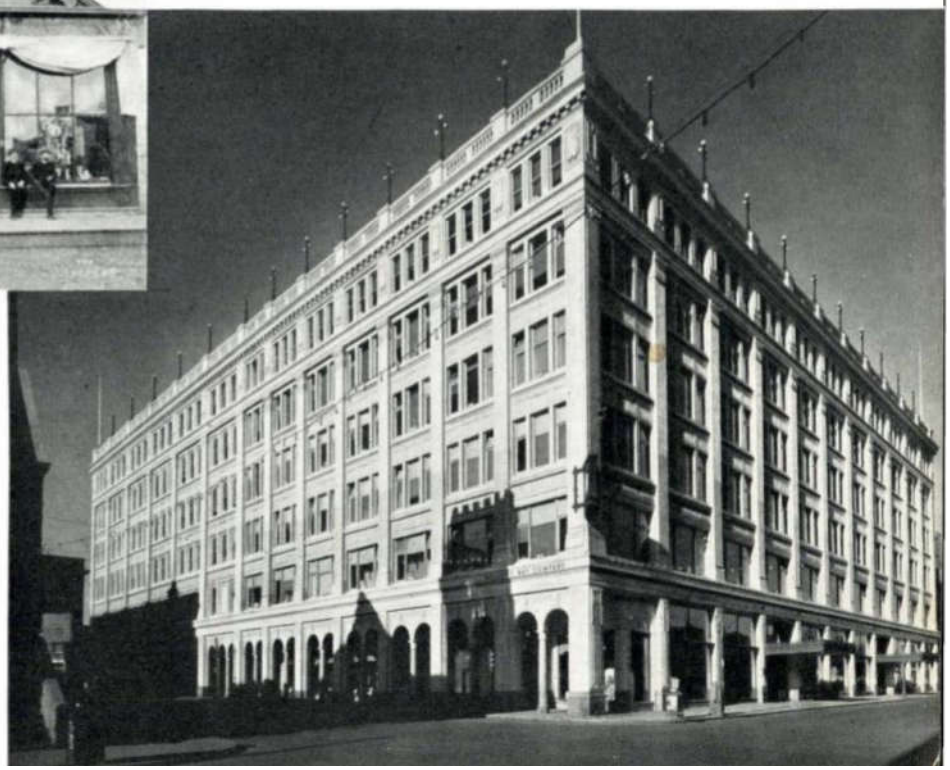
To this aristocratic extract, add a generous dash of ne'er-do-well remittance-men and young sons shipped off hopefully to obscurity in the colonies. Stir in train loads of farmers who came in from Missouri, Kansas and Nebraska to settle on the newly developed though ill-starred C.P.R. irrigation scheme. Add the normal influx of settlers from Ontario, plus large numbers lured away from Winnipeg in the early years by Alberta's milder weather. Further add the normal quota of immigrants from Central Europe. Top it all off with a small but steady flow of American oil operators. Rub all these people vigorously against each other, set them in the sun to mellow, and you begin to understand what gives Calgary its unique flavour.

This cosmopolitan characteristic was, indeed, implanted in the very beginning. A Scotsman, Col. MacLeod, named the first fort after his old home on the Isle of Mull. A French-Canadian supervised its construction, which was done by an American company.

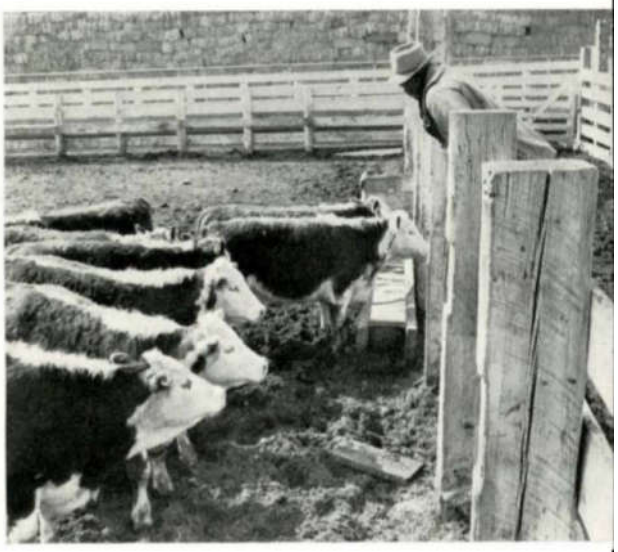
Out of such ingredients, out of the process of action and reaction of British, Canadian and American influences, cultures and habits, have come much more than such high-jinks as Stampeder Football Specials and the annual stampede.

On the solid side, its impact on Alberta and on Canada has been impressive. Calgary, for example, was the birthplace of the One Big Union, from which, indirectly, came the C.C.F. Out of the ferment of ideas in Calgary came the late R. B. Bennett and the Conservative Party victory

1884. The second Hudson's Bay Company store in Calgary. The first was a log building.

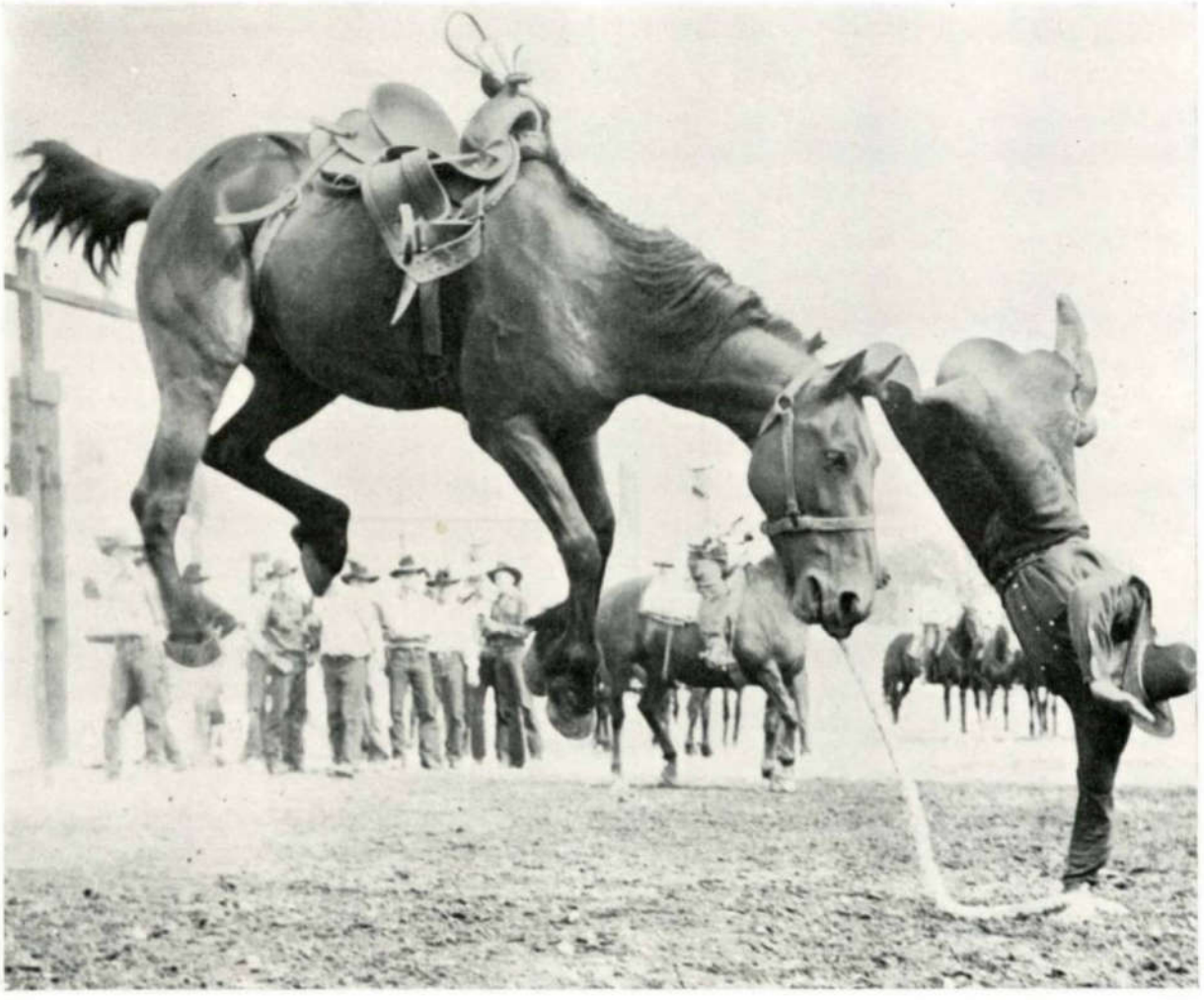


1950. The modern stone store, photographed in the early morning from 7th Avenue (right) and 1st Street West. Rosetti



Calgary's Pride.

Horse play at the Stampede. Rosetti.



in 1930. Calgary was the home of that great, Missouri-bred Canadian, Henry Wise Wood, co-father of the western wheat pools. It was from here that the late William Aberhart started the Social Credit prairie fire that swept him into office.

And, at one and the same time, Calgary was also the home of ribald Bob Edwards and his *Calgary Eye-Opener*; of his boon companion Paddy Nolan, perhaps Alberta's greatest criminal lawyer of his generation; of Pat Burns, the Ontario Irishman who walked to Calgary from Regina and with a fine eye for beef cattle and land values built one of the great fortunes of the West; of Bill Sherman, the American theatrical impresario, who carried handfuls of loose diamonds in chamois-lined vest pockets. They left their marks on Calgary, gave it a flavour and a tradition all its own. So too did A. J. McLean, pioneer rancher, enterpriser and civic booster; Ernie Cross, who came west with the ink on his Ontario Agricultural College sheepskin still damp, to found a ranching and industrial fortune which his sons have expanded; George Lane, the Montana cow-poke who found the famous climate to his liking and stayed on to win and lose a half-dozen ranching fortunes; and Guy Weadick, father of the Calgary Stampede.

The serious and the zany mix naturally in Calgary. But even in Calgary—be it duly noted—voices of dissent are raised against its frantic efforts to retain its cow-town atmosphere. Its annual stampede is the biggest thing of its kind in Canada. To compare, the Canadian National Exhibition would have to attract 4,000,000 people through the turnstiles in a week. When the town is jam-packed with tourists, cowboys and Indians, when thousands of natives deck themselves out in gaudy riding costumes and ten-gallon hats, anti-cow-town muttering can be heard along Eighth Avenue. The lament is well taken that all this cow-town posturing does obscure such solid cultural attainments as the Banff Fine Arts School, the Allied Arts Centre at Coste House, Calgary's interest in music. But the fact remains that Calgary *is* a cow-town.

The beef from its nearby ranges and ranches makes Calgary's stock yards the third largest in Canada. Cattle built Calgary and today the *per capita* ownership of horses in Calgary is the highest in Canada. A Calgary stenographer thinks nothing of keeping a pony in the garage behind her house. Calgary small fry take to horseback the way Winnipeg kids take to skates. A sure sign of spring in Calgary is the rush into the surrounding country-side to locate pasture for ponies. And lucky is the Calgary boy who finds a vacant lot close to home for his horse.

Ride out of Calgary in any direction on the weekend and hundreds of Calgarians of all ages will be encountered in the saddle. On Saturday afternoons the town fills up with farmers and ranchers, and ten-gallon hats and high-heeled boots are common all along Eighth Avenue. Servicing the needs of horsemen keeps not one but several stores busy.

Basically of far more importance to Calgary than any of its gaudier promotions is the annual spring bull sale. If Calgary were not still the West's great cow-town, it wouldn't be the site of the largest bull sale of its kind on the continent. This year more than 1,100 bulls were put under the hammer in a week-long show and sale. During the sale the Livestock Arena was jammed as it is normally only jammed for wrestling matches. Buyers from Denver rubbed elbows and argued bulls with ranchers from all over Alberta and Saskatchewan. In the bidding for the top bulls of the sale, it was the Canadians who stayed longest and bid the most.

That's the curious thing about Calgary. Sneer at its pretentions, smile at its posturing, but underneath there is always something solid, something basic. Despite the fact that Turner Valley is petering out, in face of the huge development of oil at Edmonton which makes Turner Valley look like a duster, Calgary still holds tight to the claim that it is "The Oil Capital of Canada." Yet the claim is true, for while Edmonton has all the oil, Calgary has all the oil*men*. The location of head offices of American oil companies in Calgary has kept pace with new discoveries at Edmonton. Hundreds of top oil executives have not only located their offices in Calgary, they have bought homes and settled down as permanent residents. The lusty cheering for the Stampeders football and hockey teams has taken on a noticeable Texas drawl.

Similarly, Calgarians can easily become bores when they get onto the subject of natural gas. But in a land where heating costs are lively conversation topics all winter, a bill for cooking and heating a six-room bungalow in January that only comes to $10 is worth talking about. Natural gas, plus the fortuitous geography of Calgary, have combined to make it easily the most beautiful city site on the prairies. In their choice of home designs, Calgarians have shown great imagination in the adaption of English, American and Canadian wrinkles. Not the least attractive feature of the town is the individualistic emphasis in its housing. And it should be added at once that none of the boosters have yet come up with a descriptive phrase that does the place justice.

"Sunshine City of the Foothills," is what the boosters call it. That may be good enough for visitors whose knowledge of Calgary is confined to the area bounded by the Palliser, the Bay and the stampede grounds. But it doesn't quite fit the distinctiveness of the place. After all, Calgary doesn't get any more sunshine than the rest of southern Alberta. Lethbridge will argue that Calgary gets less than some places Lethbridge could name. The time to really appreciate Calgary is when the sun isn't shining—at night and from the top, on any of its superb hill viewpoints. That's when Calgarians get stars in their eyes about the place.

Looking down on Calgary from Crescent Road, or from Scotsman's Hill, from Spy Hill or from the heights of Seventeenth Avenue West at night, it is a glittering, blinking, shimmering gem of a city. Or to coin a phrase that does it justice—it's the Star Sapphire of the Prairies. In all of Canada there is nothing to compare to it, to its millions of lights sparkling indescribably in the crystal clear atmosphere under that wide, high and cloudless sky!

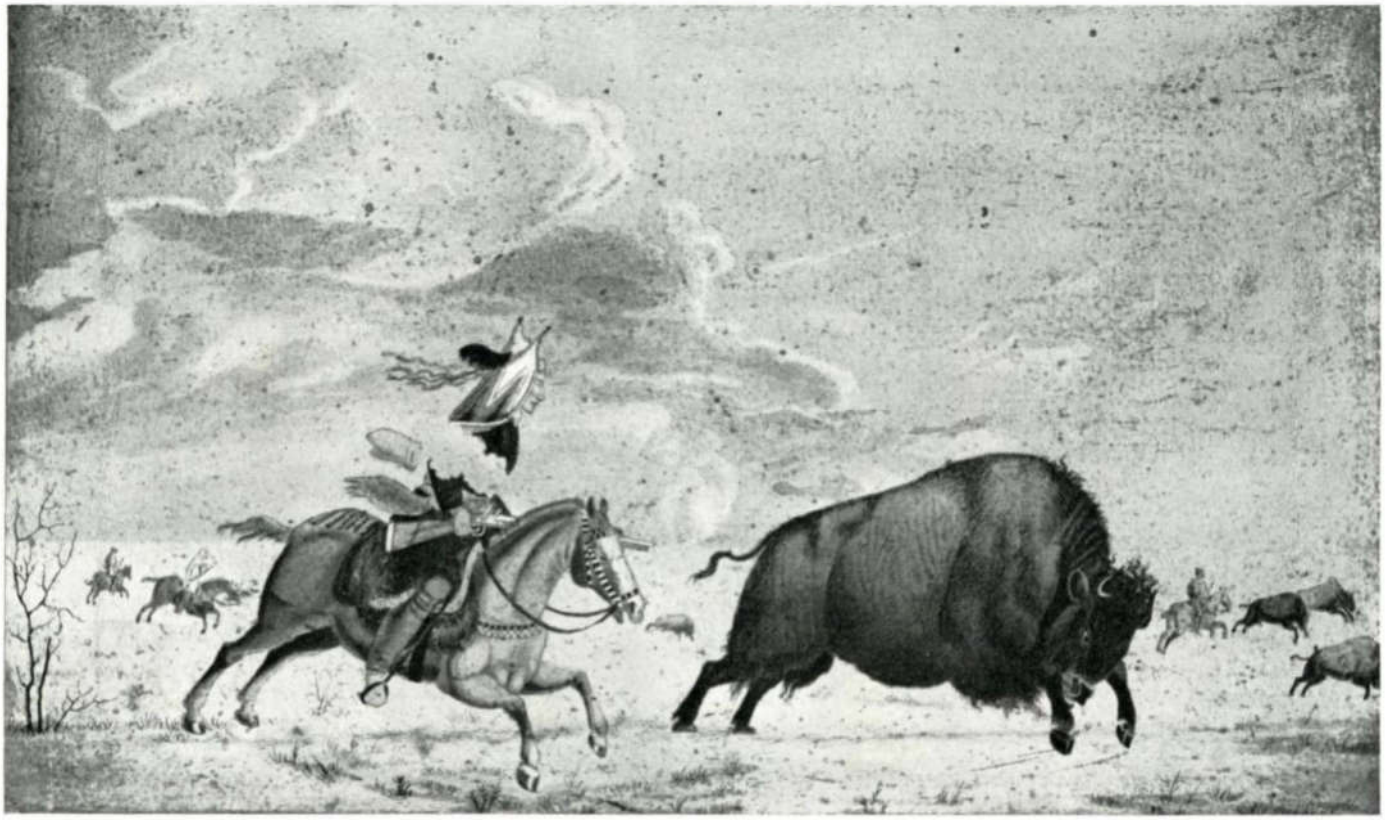
AIVI-AHLUK !
(Big Walrus)

Arctic Hunters

Sketches made on the Sleeper Islands,
Hudson Bay

by J. A. Houston

AIVI-VEENILIAHLUK !
(Plenty Walrus meat)



Hunter shooting a bison. He wears a curious, double-peaked hood, coloured white, red and blue, a dark blue blanket coat and red leggings. Note the smoke from the priming powder in the pan of the flintlock.

SOME NEW RINDISBACHERS

Peter Rindisbacher was the first artist to sketch the Canadian Prairie Indians.

THE three water-colours reproduced here must have been done by Peter Rindisbacher for William Kempt, sheriff of Red River Settlement in 1822-24. At any rate, they form part of a collection of six presented to the Hudson's Bay Company by one of Kempt's descendants in 1934. Recently they were sent out from London for exhibition in the Company's Winnipeg museum.

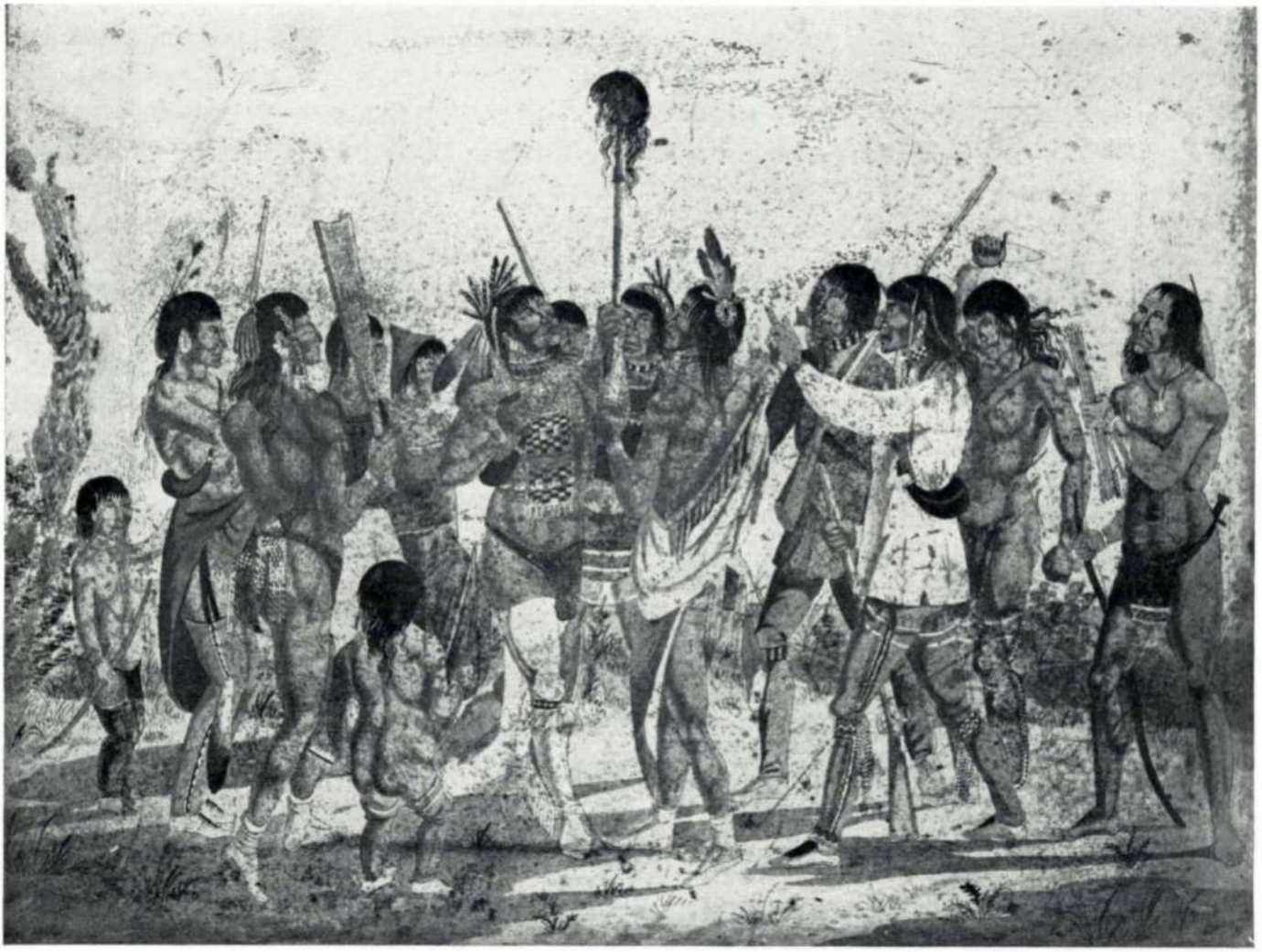
The work of this young artist, who lived in the Red River Settlement from 1821 to 1826, has been receiving some merited attention in the last few years. *Minnesota History* carried articles by Grace Lee Nute on his paintings in the issues of September 1933, March 1939, and June 1942; the *Beaver* published a symposium on the subject in December 1945; and the *Art Quarterly*, of Detroit, printed the most complete article of all, by John Francis McDermott, in the spring of 1949.

On page 131 of the *Art Quarterly* are reproduced two pictures of the bison attacked by dogs which are very similar to the one shown opposite. One of them is in the West Point museum and shows two bison on the right of the picture; the other is in the Peabody Museum at Harvard and shows three bison on the right. But the attitudes and grouping of the bison bull and the dogs are almost identical in all three versions.

As yet, however, we have not come across anything similar to the other two reproduced here. The hunting scene, above, shows a most interesting double-peaked headdress with a curious black ornament flying out behind.

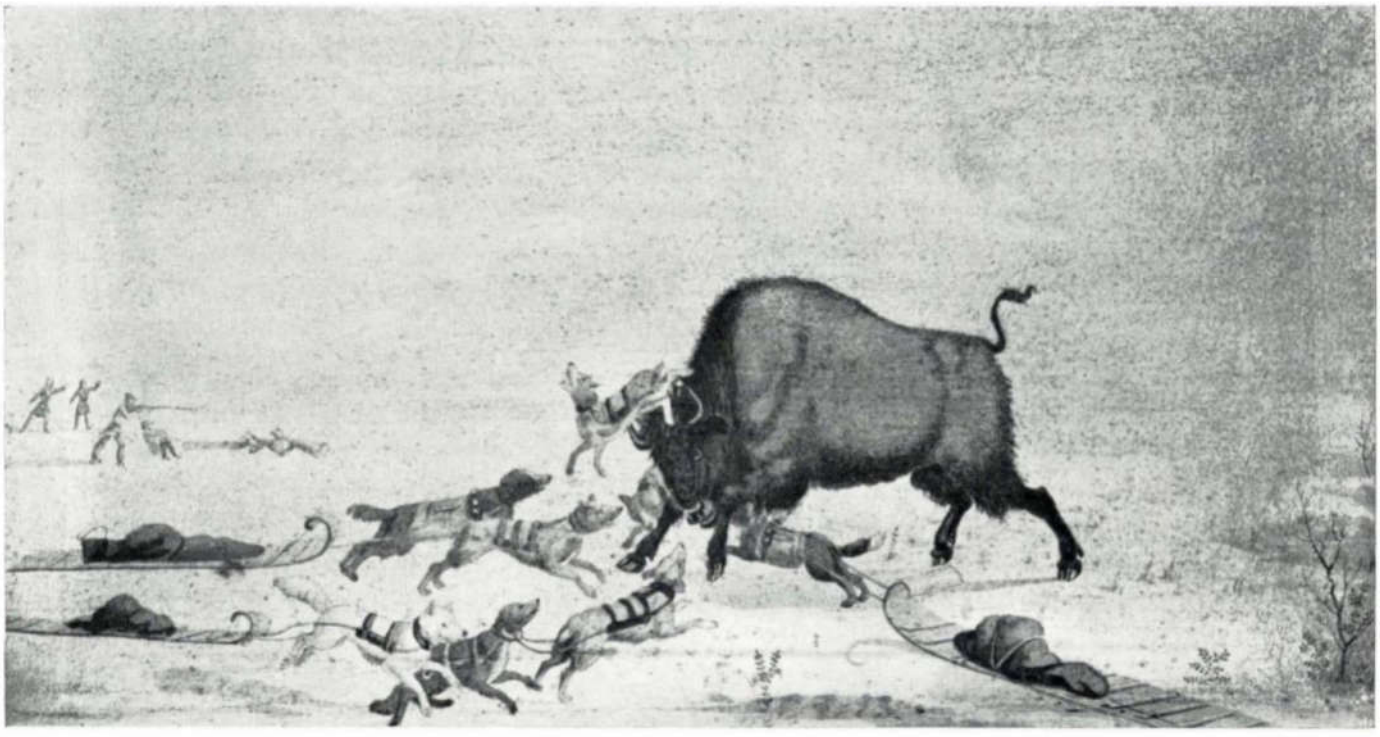
The picture of the scalp dance is perhaps the most interesting of the six. Note, for instance, the types of headdress, the various kinds of weapons, and details of costume, and the beaded or quilled bag hanging on the chest of the man to the left of centre. In this wealth of detail lies the chief attraction of Rindisbacher's early paintings, for he was a meticulous recorder of what he saw, and he was the first man in history to make drawings of the Canadian Prairie Indians.

Of the other three in the Kempt group, one was reproduced as the second picture on page 35 of the December 1945 *Beaver* (where it was described as a lithograph); another is similar to that on page 30 of the same issue; and the third depicts an Indian camp on the bank of a winding river—probably the Red. All of them are drawn in the artist's characteristic early style, with delicate pen-and-ink outlines filled in with water colour: but these six have also been varnished—presumably to protect them from the rigours of canoe travel between Red River and York Factory over one hundred and twenty-five years ago.



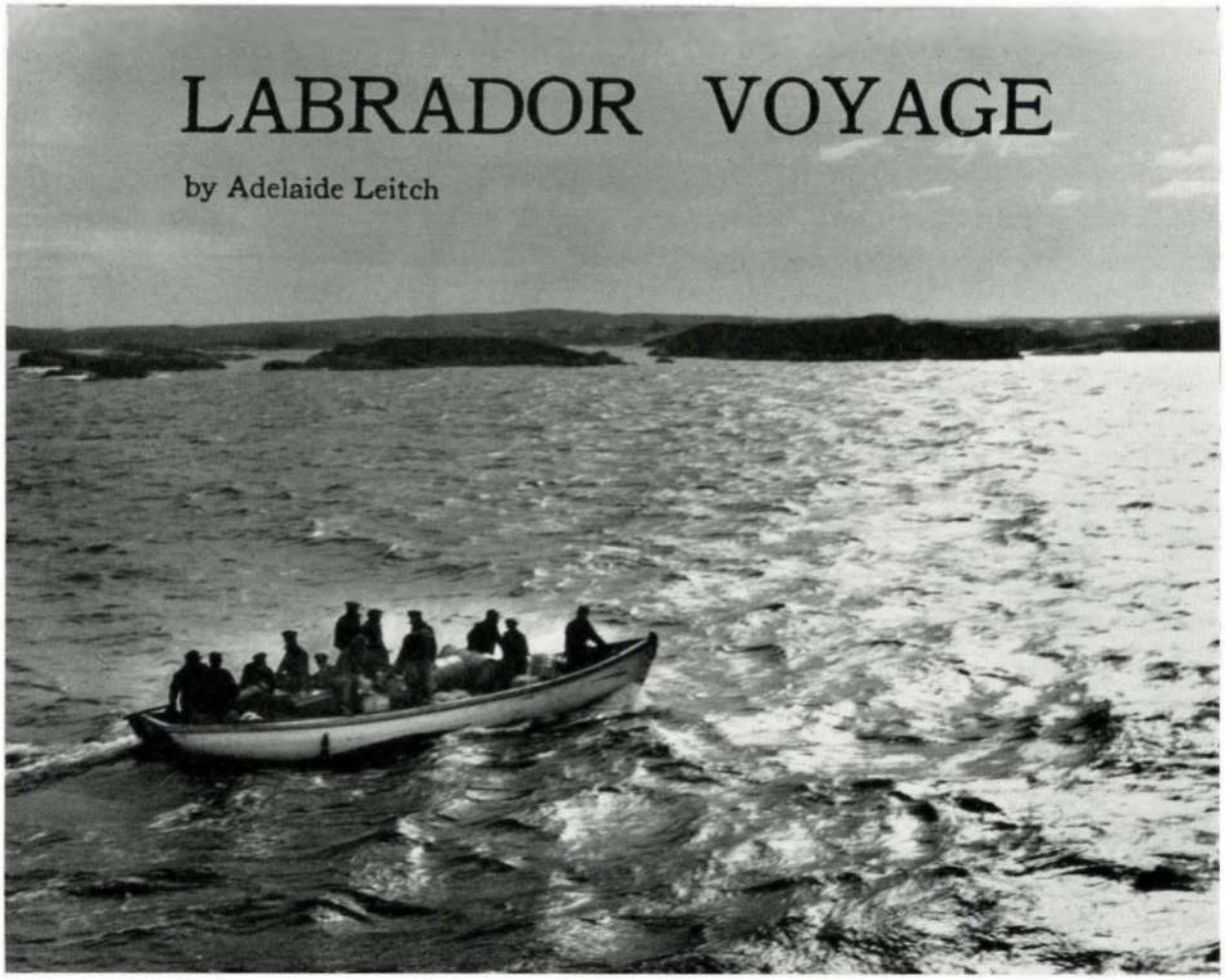
An Indian scalp dance. Rindisbacher always paid great attention to details of dress and equipment. As will be seen, the paintings have suffered from careless treatment at some time in their career. They are done on paper pasted on stretched canvas.

Sled dogs attacking a bison bull. Water colours similar to this, but done by the artist at a later period, are to be found at West Point and Harvard.



LABRADOR VOYAGE

by Adelaide Leitch



Their boat loaded with supplies from the steamer, these fisherman on the coast of Labrador head for shore and the protected cove where they have left their schooner.

ANCHORED well out from the shore, the *Kyle* must have looked a little like a duck gathering her ducklings. We stood at the rail of that trim coastal steamer from St. John's, Newfoundland—"the ship that never ties up in Labrador"—and, in the chill grayness of a Labrador dawn, saw the small boats converging toward us from the settlement of Cartwright, our twenty-fifth port of call.

Indian, settler and fisherman were coming to collect provisions and mail and news to last them for another two weeks and the next northbound trip of the *Kyle*. Someone had ordered new nets from St. John's. . . . Someone else came alongside while a length of lumber was lifted from the yawning maw of the steamer and lowered over the side. . . . Two fishermen in oilskins and rubber boots ran light-footed as cats along the rocking gunwales from one boat to another and climbed on board to ask Captain Edward O'Keefe about the fishing conditions farther south.

It was a queston of vital importance, for, as long as the cod were running, in good weather and bad, the fishermen of Labrador would be out tending their nets and jigging their cod. For the settler population of Labrador—as well as for the floater fleets that come north each summer from Newfoundland—fish means life.

Our mail boat dropped into the water with a muffled plop and, propelled by its strong-armed crew at the oars, sped away toward the Hudson's Bay side of the harbour where the red ensign with its distinctive "HB.C." initials floated over the store and post office. The deep, roomy boat of the Grenfell Mission took on passengers, after the barrels of clothing donated in far-away cities and the boxes of supplies ordered in St. John's had been stowed away. There would be two hours' stop at this "capital of the Labrador," which, although village-sized, was the largest settlement on the coast.

We were breakfastless and shivering, at an hour when the temperature seemed stuck at 45 degrees, and we must have looked a little dumbfounded when an old Cartwright settler helped us ashore, and then took his pipe from between his teeth long enough to remark that they had been sweltering in a heat wave of 104 degrees only three days before our arrival.

"Oh sure," he grinned, "they're typical up here—changes like that!"

Ordinarily, no one would have been about at that hour, but the *Kyle* had the prerogative of upsetting all other routines whenever she arrived at one of her many ports of call between the Straits of Belle Isle and Hopedale.

Cartwright had one of Labrador's few hospitals, along with an excellent school and an industrial shop stocked with the deerskin moccasins and jackets, the Grenfell cloth coats, and the carved ivory famous now not only in Canada but in far corners of the world. The tiny garden, even to us and at that sleepy hour, had a luxuriant look about it that we had not expected to see after some of the rocky fishing coves in which we had anchored—inhospitable, windswept coves harbouring "settlements" of two or three fishing homes isolated from the rest of Labrador.

From the Straits of Belle Isle to Saglek Bay in the north, it is a fight for survival against the coast itself for many of the fisher folk. At Battle Harbour, our first stop north of the straits, we had felt the isolation of the small, unpainted houses, although the port was a well-used one and the settlement had one of the important Marconi stations of the coast. We rowed ashore past a small island with its palisaded enclosure for the dogs, and we landed at the fish landing and storage hut—a spindle-legged erection on the water's edge, with a dusky interior and mound upon mound of salted cod awaiting shipment to market. A little girl and her husky pup eyed us curiously from one doorstep, but her mother came to the door, drying her hands on her faded apron, and offering us the hospitality of her small home. Visitors were welcome, for visitors were few in summer, and they came only by dog team in winter.

Between Battle Harbour and Cartwright, we saw fishing on a giant scale at the whaling station of Hawke's Harbour. There was no doubt about our approach, for the odour of departed whales clung not only to the whaling station itself but to the whole harbour and for some distance out.

Six of the Atlantic giants had been hauled up that day on the slimy, blood-spattered runway, cut in pieces and piled into huge, blackened ovens. To our dismay, nothing remained of them but the piles of gills on the landing stage, mounds of baked skins and bones ground up for fertilizer, and the whale oil that was still trickling along the dark troughs.

Over four hundred and sixty whales had been taken the previous year, a whaling man told us—blue whales, finbacks and the occasional sperm whale. Harpooned by four busy little whaling boats, they had been pumped full of air to prevent their sinking, and then had been picked up by the fifth boat of the whaling fleet—a radar-equipped corvette which lashed them alongside with heavy chains and towed them to harbour.

Shoes were left outside most of the cabins that night—and portholes opened where room occupants had returned triumphantly with four-inch teeth from a sperm whale or sets of whale ears—which added nothing whatever to shipboard air-conditioning.

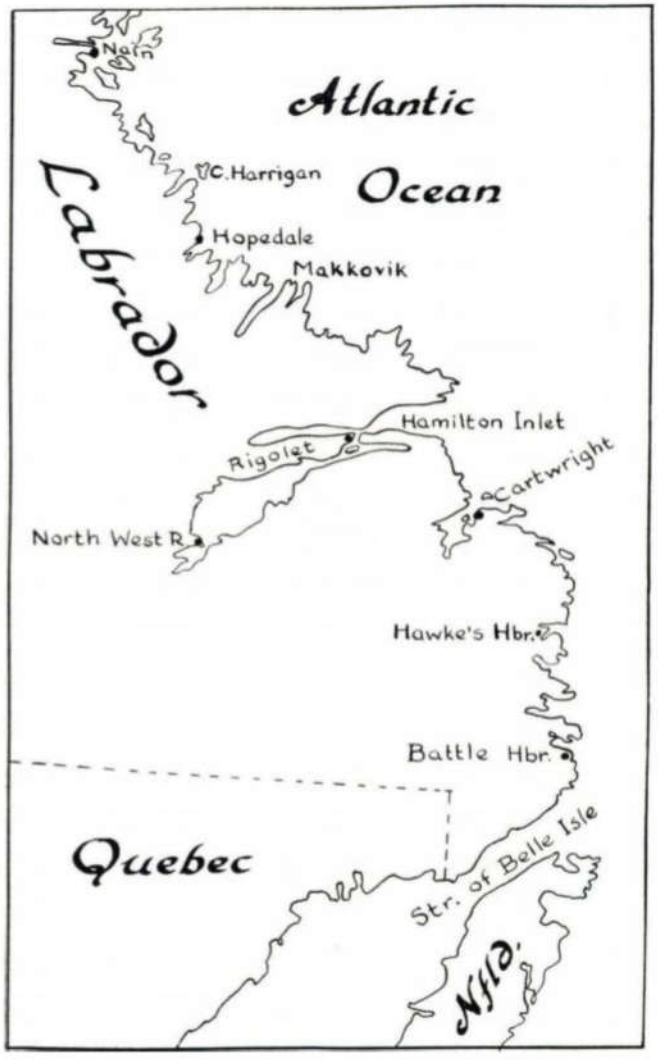
As the *Kyle* moved up the rocky coast with its 4,500 scattered inhabitants, we saw a Labrador sometimes as gracious as morning coffee from a silver tray, sometimes as stark and lonely as a single fishing shanty on a windswept shore. When the fog cleared, the distant blue hills seemed to stretch on endlessly. The ocean was a vast, island-dotted expanse that contained only ourselves, the occasional fishing schooner that, sails set, sped by to its rendezvous with the cod, and sometimes an iceberg as enchanting as a small castle with minarets of snow.

The schooners kept their appointments with us at regular ports of call or, less frequently, hailed us en route. A dory would come bouncing over the water, and over the side would go the barrels of oil, the boxes of supplies, the vital packets of mail. The *Kyle's* mail was cached away in a regular railway post office amidships and in three sections of pigeon holes—"foreign," "coastal," and "schooner" mail marked only with the name of the fishing ship and the vast address, "Labrador."

One morning, we went on deck to find that the pitching of the boat had given way to a gentle vibration, and that the bleak rocks were miraculously replaced by trees. From pretty little Rigolet on, the Hamilton Inlet for ninety miles clothed itself with green vegetation and the water of the inlet became finally as smooth and reflecting as a mill-pond.

Our destination was Northwest River, port of call only twice a year, and nearest point to internationally famous Goose Bay Airport. Like Cartwright, it was a settlement of red and white, with the Hudson's Bay Company,

The author went as far north as Nain, calling at Northwest River on the way and changing from the steamer to a schooner at Hopedale.



Grenfell Mission and Newfoundland Ranger Station the big three. But Northwest River also had a distinction of its own—the "Garden of Labrador" they called it because of the flowers that bloomed easily in its pretty gardens, because weather changes were not so violent as on the coast and the growing season was normally a week or two ahead of parts of Newfoundland much farther south.

At the dock in Northwest River rocked one of the most famous boats of the coast—the Grenfell hospital ship *Maraval*, equipped and ready for its summer trip. Its doctor, young Dr. Tony Paddon, would pull teeth, set broken bones and be obstetrician as far north as Indian, Eskimo or white man could live on the coast—and he would repeat the trip again in winter, but by dog team.

The people of Northwest River revere the name of Paddon. On a pretty hillside in the settlement, they were building a monument to Tony's father, Dr. Harry Paddon, who was buried there and had been called "another Grenfell." The monument was to be topped by a four-foot piece of uncut labradorite—the same stone used in jewellery in St. John's.

What endeared Northwest River to us probably more than anything else was the square dance the people had been planning for us ever since they had heard the *Kyle* was on the way. The gas lantern that lighted the little hall hung perilously close to the low ceiling, and it had no cover. The black, pot-bellied stove in the centre seemed to vibrate a little each time the dancers' feet thumped the floor—and they most *decidedly* thumped the floor. We began to look a little wilted, but our hosts and hostesses were barely winded.

In one square, dancing with an effortless ease we could not match, was the khaki-coated Newfoundland ranger—one of the eleven officers policing the whole of Labrador. On the other side of the stove a lady from New York was dancing with the captain's teen-aged son, and a be-whiskered settler was spinning a Newfoundland girl so quickly her feet barely brushed the floor. The "orchestra" was two violins and an accordion.

Presently we became aware that the room was filling up. One by one, the Indians from the encampment across the river had slipped inside, and now there they sat, grinning broadly. Gradually it dawned on us—they were watching the white people making fools of themselves! Their amusement was all too evident.

They had been disappointed Indians when we had met them earlier in the day. This trip of the *Kyle* usually brought them their priest from Newfoundland, and it was for him, not for us, that they had come silently out of the hinterlands of Labrador and pitched their tents on the beach. Once a year, this little band of about one hundred Montagnais Indians comes to meet their Roman Catholic "father" who preaches services in their one permanent building, a wooden church, performs marriages and buries the dead—and passes out a few apples and oranges to the littlest Indians.

Our own tribute to those same brown little boys took the form of chocolate bars—our "fare" for being paddled across to the encampment where their elders watched our tour of inspection, accommodatingly stretched a sealskin on a frame for us, and a little shyly offered a few hand-made articles of their own.

The Eskimos did not begin to appear until we were well north of Hamilton Inlet—a few at Makkovik, but in greater numbers at Hopedale, northern terminus of the *Kyle*. They beamed at us, the little ones smiling a trifle shyly and looking embarrassed if anyone asked them, "Do you speak English?" Practically all of them did.

The familiar mission of the Grenfell Association had been left behind now. It was an older and a religious mission at Hopedale (as at Makkovik)—*Unitas Fratrum* or, as it is better known, the Moravian Mission.

The familiar Hudson's Bay Company building now housed the government owned Northern Labrador Trading Operations which, in 1942, had taken over six H B C posts in Labrador and set up a scheme of rehabilitation for the Eskimo. But the Newfoundland ranger station still flaunted its Union Jack to indicate that the man of the law was in residence.

At Hopedale, where the *Kyle* turned south again, I transferred to the *Winifred Lee*, a trim little schooner that had crossed the Atlantic to Spain five times in one winter and held the record for such a crossing under sail. Now owned by Captain Joshua Windsor, a man with an O.B.E. for his Labrador work, and captained by his son Earl, the *Lee* is chartered by the government to serve the coast north of the run of the *Kyle*, and carries freight and passengers as far as Saglek Bay.

I travelled on her as far as Nain, along with the superintendent of Moravian Missions and his wife, Rev. and Mrs. F. W. Peacock (homeland, England), and two young American teachers, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Ogletree, who would teach at the mission and also help set up a radio station in Nain. It was nearly noon when we left, with the sun beating down on blue water and the red roofs of Hopedale. The *Lee* slid closer to the rocks than the *Kyle* had ever dared do, and sidled into every harbour where there lurked a schooner.

We reached Cape Harrigan, which the Newfoundland fishermen claim is the stormiest, foggiest place on the coast, but it belied its reputation—for the moment at least. From there, it was twelve miles out to the Farmyards, rocky islands that mocked their name, for the delivery of a carton of supplies and a handful of mail. Then it was twelve miles back again to Cape Harrigan. And there the fog, curse of the Labrador, was settling over the cape, and the schooner fleet anchored in a protected cove was already looking like a ghost fleet.

After dark, the orange light of flares on deck still lighted the splitting, gutting and salting that was going on on board, and the piles of fresh cod on deck. The fish were running, and every man worked late. Over the side went the entrails—even including the pinkish livers—and bloated air sacs still floated on the surface. A stray salmon was tossed aside—later to be brought over to us on the *Winifred Lee* as a contribution to our galley meals.

All next day, the *Lee* lay becalmed, while her two captains squinted at the foggy sky in disgust. The ship's doctor, having taken care of infected fingers and a couple of aching teeth for the schoonermen, moseyed back to the stern, dropped a line and jigger overboard and began fishing for our supper of fresh cod. Next morning, the fog rolled back to give us a panorama of hills becoming higher than the ones we had seen from the *Kyle*, and the crew, rejoicing loudly, weighed anchor, and away we went.

Nain was another of Labrador's red-roofed villages, sitting at the foot of Nain Hill where a little stream called First Brook came trickling down to the ocean. On Second Brook, across the harbour and near the trout net, a snow bridge still spanned the water, although it was mid-July and the bake-apples were ripening on the hills. "*Aksunai!*" called out the Eskimos. Or "Hallo!" It didn't seem to matter which, for contact with the white man had made most of them bilingual. They were happy as kids at the arrival of Rev. Mr. Peacock—their *Angajokak*—the boss, home again after a year's furlough in England.

Sunday in Nain was a church-going Sunday, with the big bell in the green-roofed Moravian steeple pealing a little before ten and the Eskimos—most of them in white people's garb but with their own sealskin boots—trooping in from the Eskimo side of the village.

One old lady, her face as browned and weathered as old leather but with eyes that had many laugh-wrinkles, offered me half her prayer book. The hymns, accompanied by a small organ that was surprisingly sweet, were slow, measured, syllable by syllable with no accent and no inflection. Even a stranger such as I could follow them easily—although I had not the faintest notion what I might be singing.

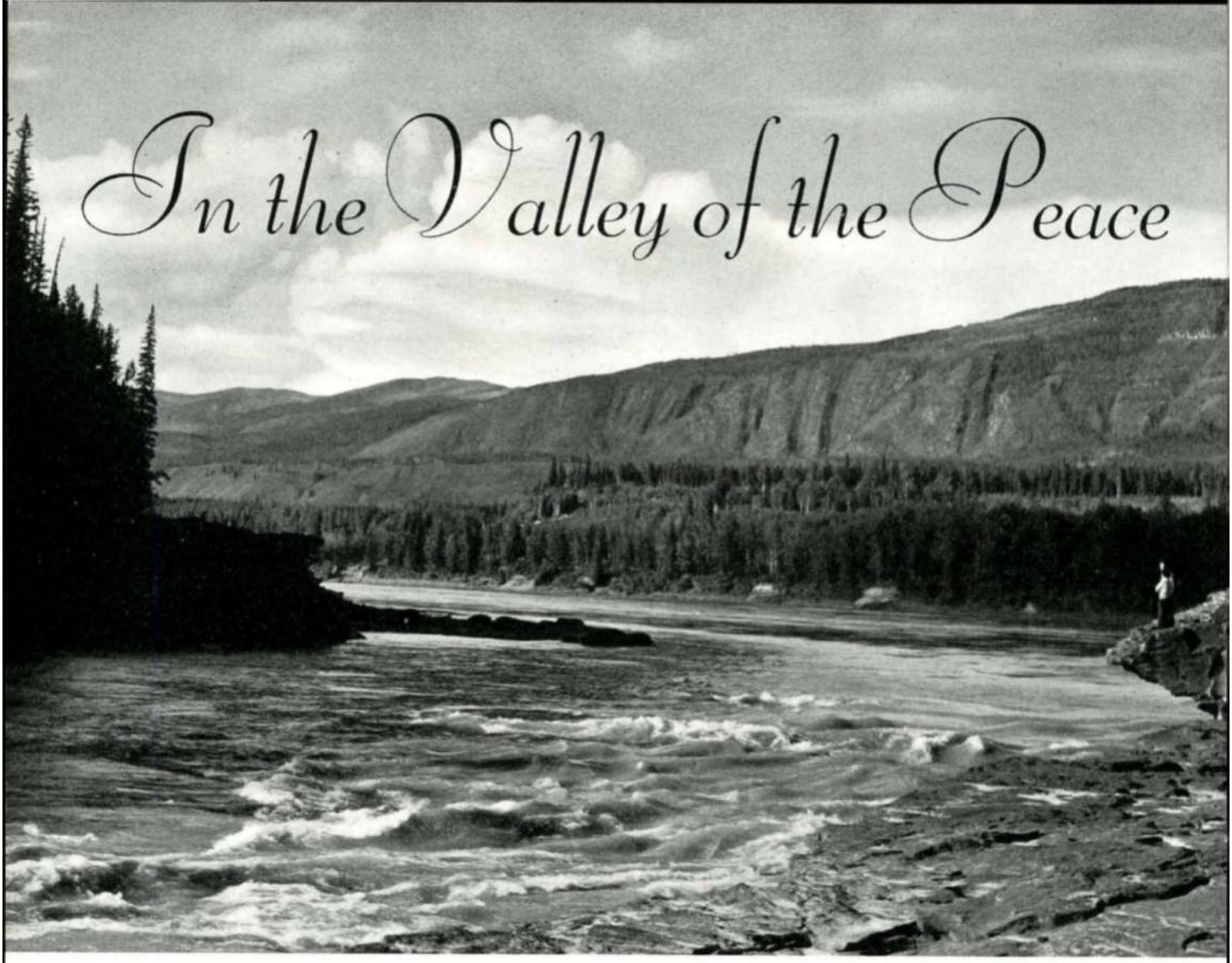
Someone—it may have been a missionary or a Grenfell doctor—said to me once, "You could stay here in Labrador all your life and still not know all there is to know about it." But I'll say this for that enigmatic country—on my last day in Nain, it seemed bent on showing us as many phases of its life as it possibly could.

Usually only one important ship came in at a time, but presently a stranger appeared—the *Blue Dolphin* with its crew of Americans on a hydrographic survey, and two or three Canadians from Ottawa doing some unofficial geographical surveys of their own. A little later, the hospital ship *Maraval* we had seen in Northwest River slid into Nain Harbour, dropped anchor, and began to lower its dory. It was followed almost immediately by the floating courthouse of the Labrador, the *St. Barbe* with the magistrate who would hear any cases that had accumulated in the past year. And by nightfall, the snug little harbour was fairly bulging with boats.

A Labrador moon rose big and full that night, picking out the masts of the ships in harbour, and I watched it from the bow of the *Winifred Lee*, wondering where I had heard that there was nothing on the Labrador but loneliness and grimness and barren, barren rocks.

Station of the Newfoundland Ranger, left, and one of the better homes, right, at Hopedale, where the Eskimos come to trade. Photos by the author.

In the Valley of the Peace



The Canyon's Head

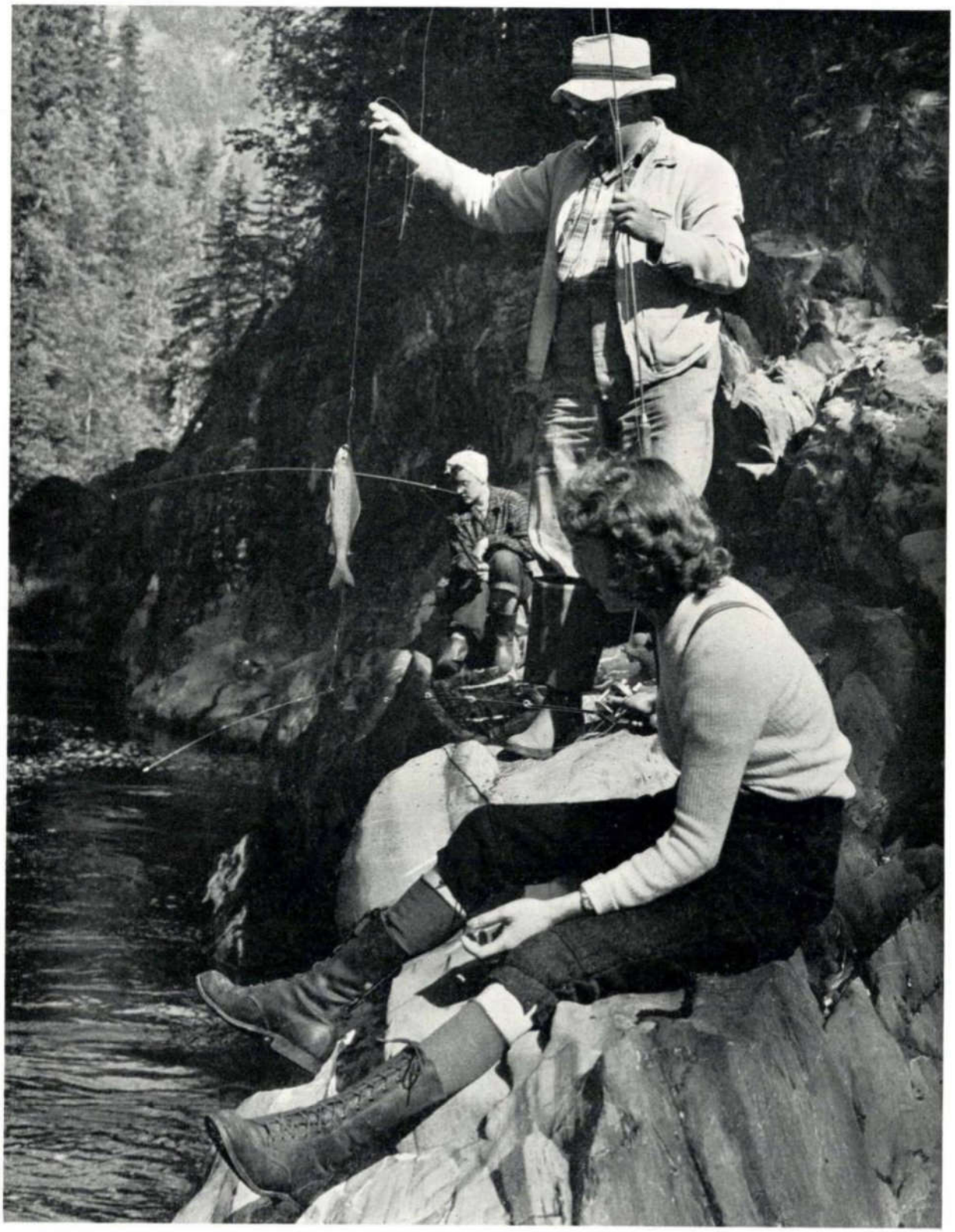
Peace River was so named from a point of land about thirty miles from its mouth (now known as Point Providence) where in olden times the Cree and Beaver Indians made peace with one another. So at least we are told by Sir Alexander Mackenzie, who in 1792-3 became the first white man to travel on this great stream—the only river to cut through the Rocky Mountain range.

"It was really awful," he wrote, in describing the view down stream from the head of the canyon, "to behold with what infinite force the water drives against the rocks on one side, and with what impetuous strength it is repelled to the other: it then falls back, as it were, into a more strait but rugged passage, over which it is tossed in high, foaming half-formed billows, as far as the eye could follow it."

Photographs taken along the great river highway of Central British Columbia

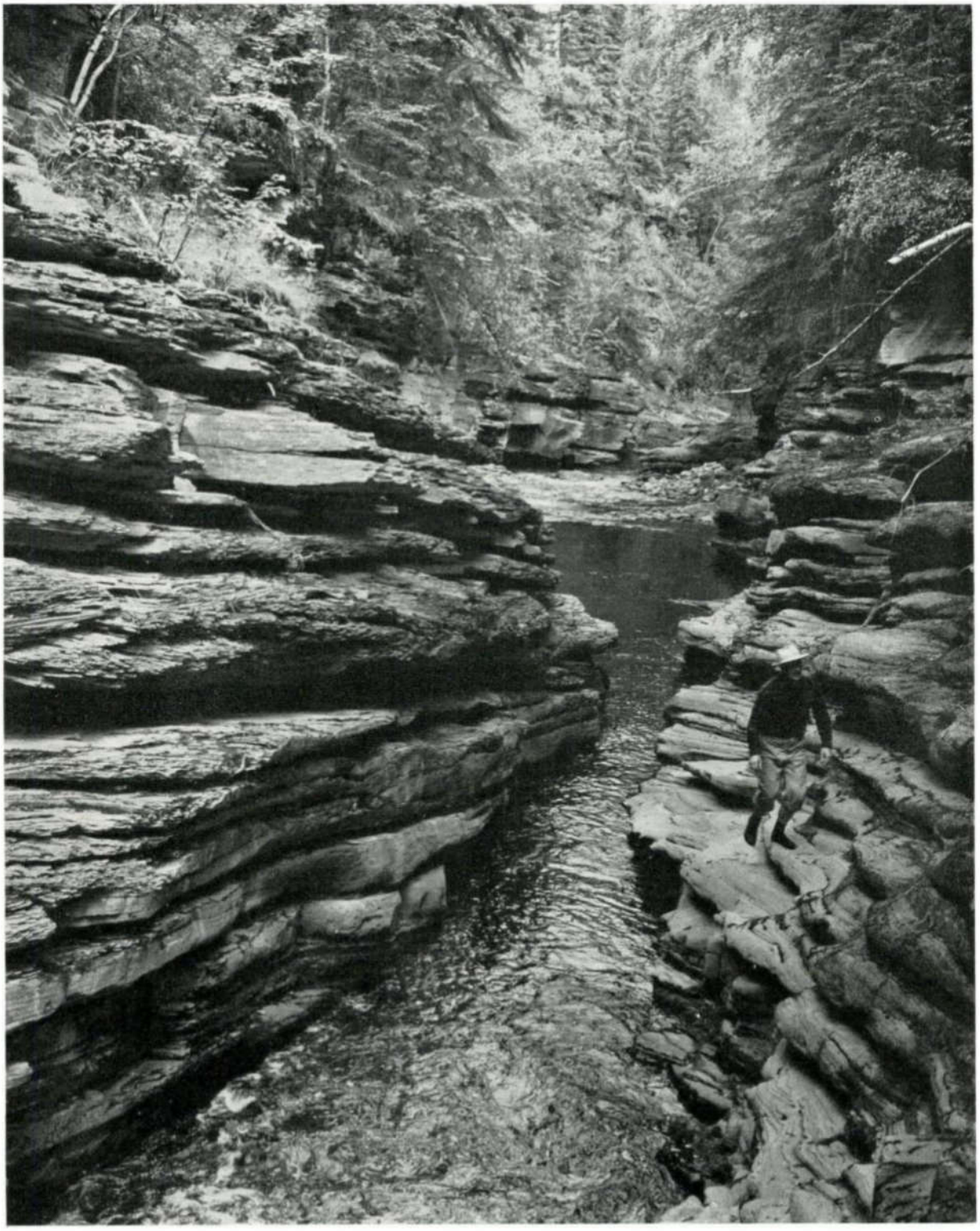
by Richard Harrington

with descriptions by
Lyn Harrington



On the Clearwater River

From its steep rock walls, rainbow trout and grayling can be seen darting about in this crystal pool a few hundred yards from the Peace River.

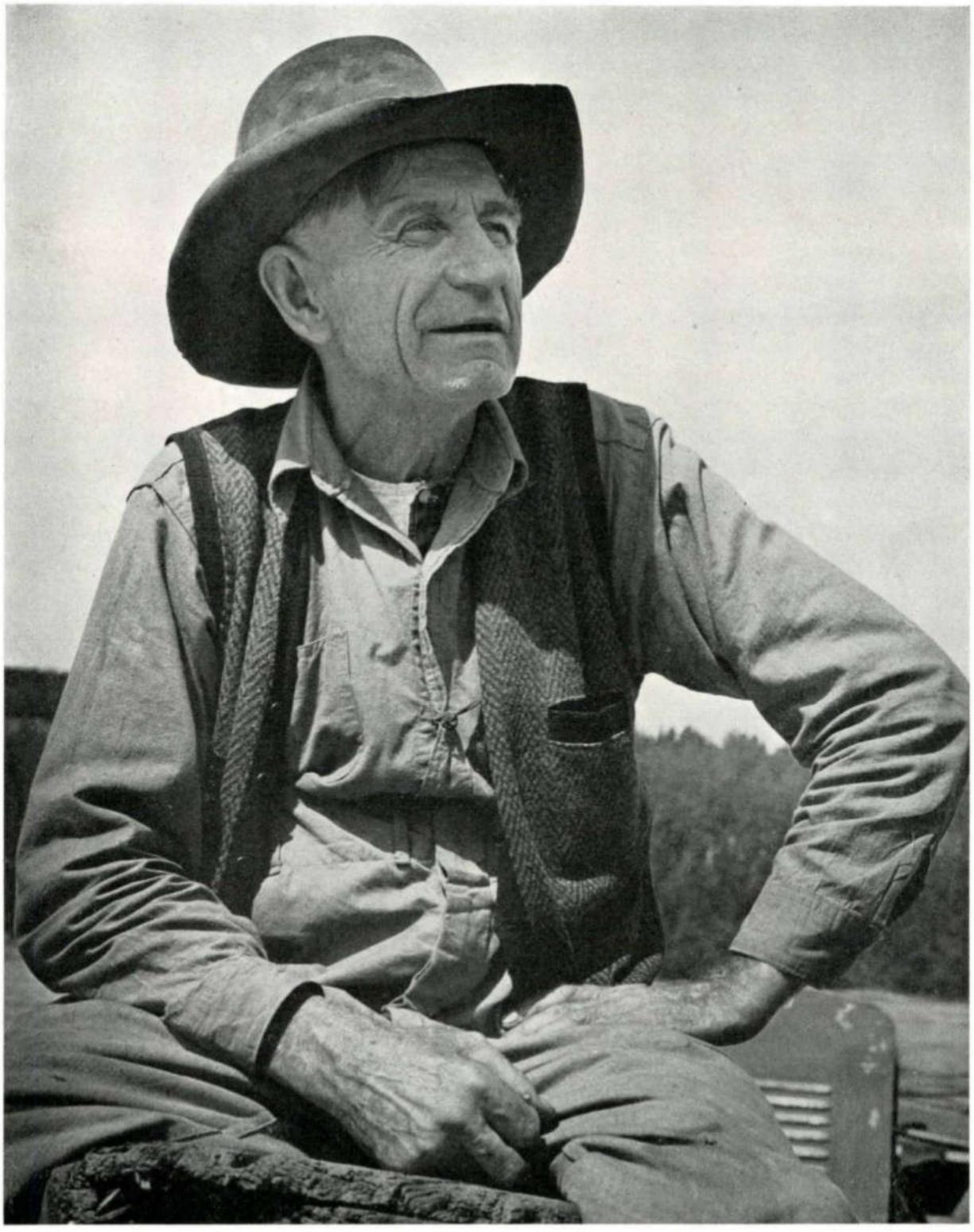


The Gorge of Maurice Creek

Down the centuries, this creek has carved a rugged chasm through the brown rocks, in a series of waterfalls and shadowy pools. Its clear waters join the silt-laden Peace opposite Hudson's Hope.

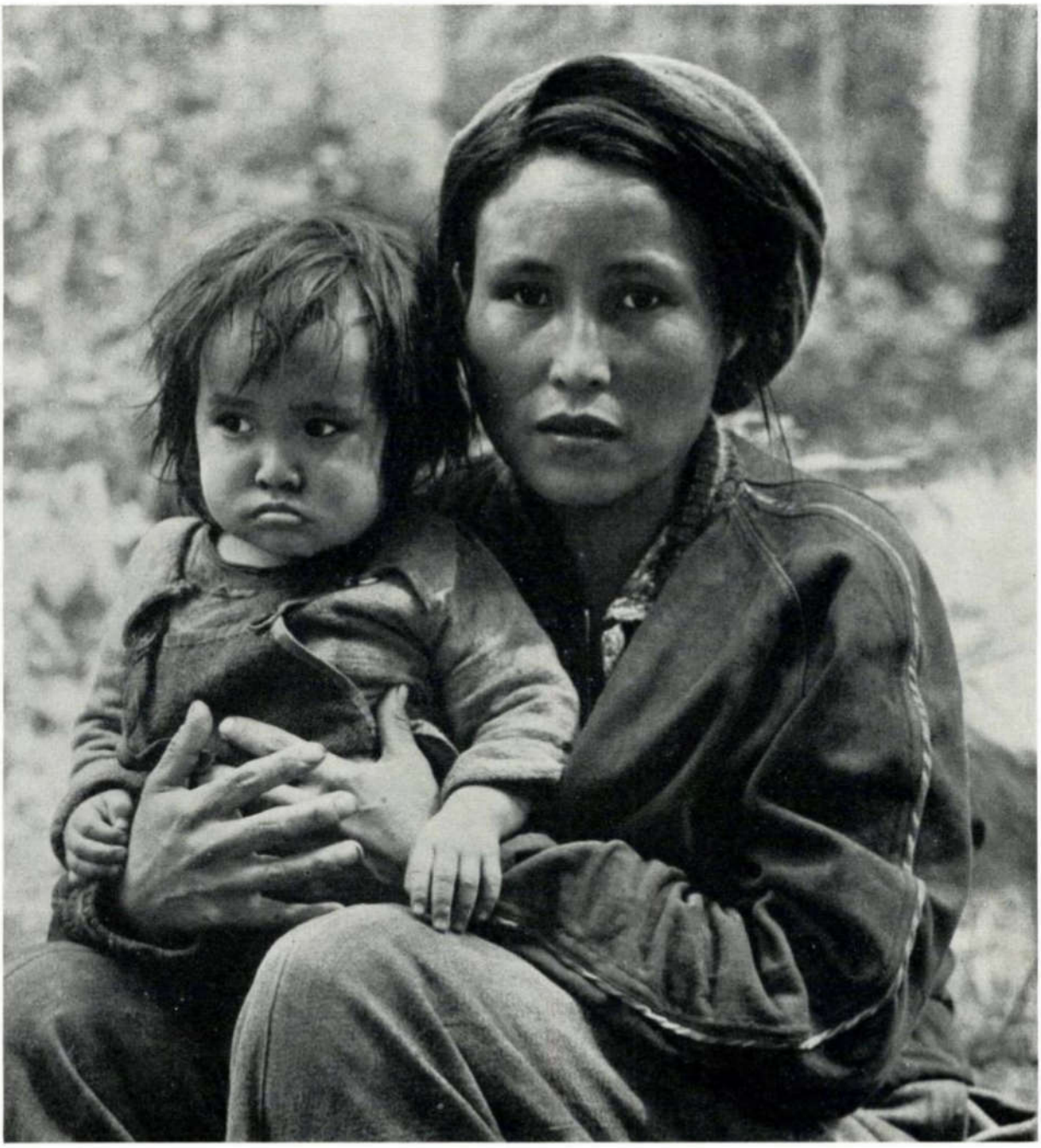
Fishing the Wicked River

Not far from Finlay Forks where the waters of the Finlay and Parsnip meet to form the Peace, the green torrent of the Wicked River comes tumbling down from the mountains over ledges and rocks. A narrow, damp trail, carpeted with needles and bordered by moss covered trees, guides anglers to picturesque fishing holes such as this.



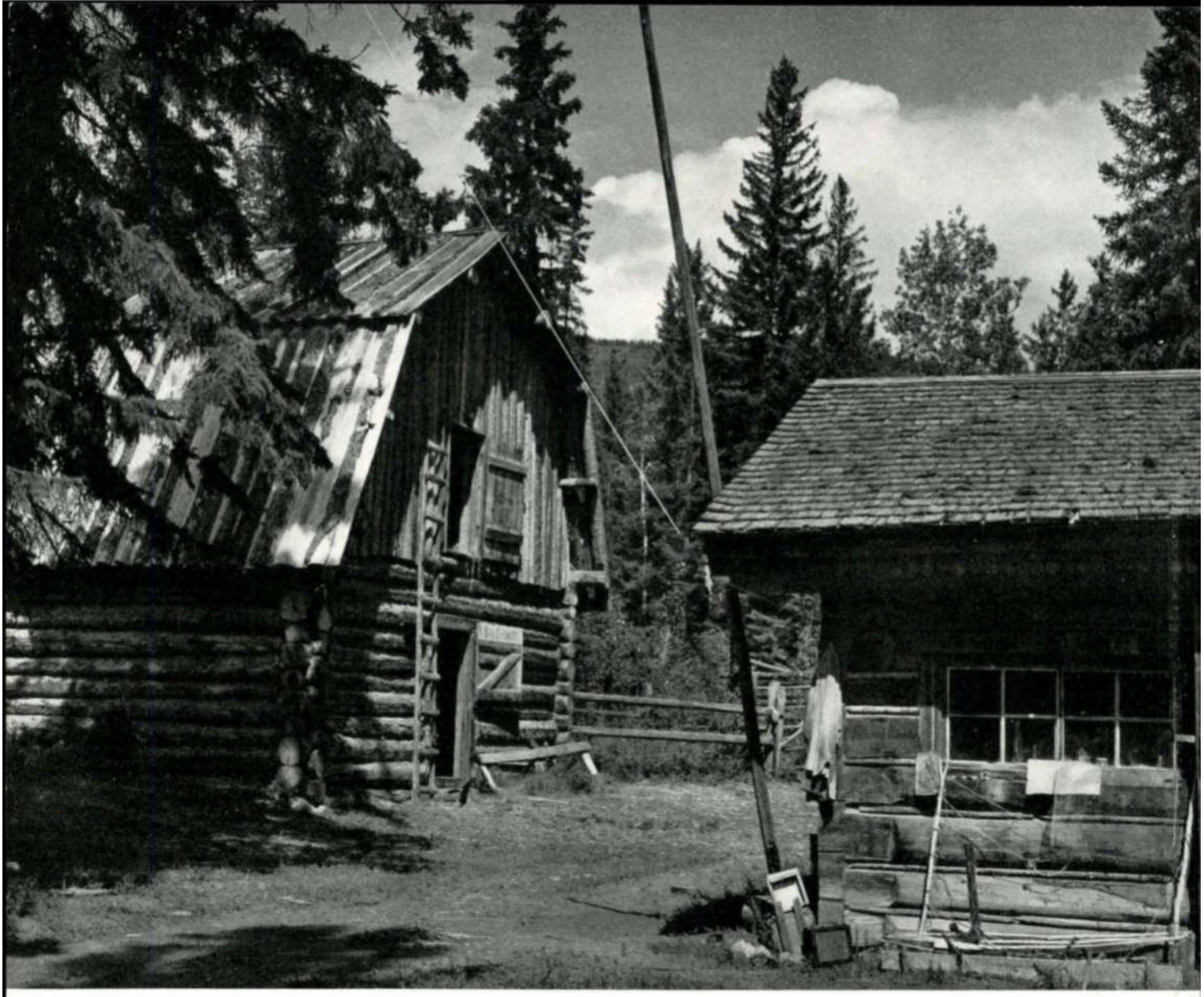
The Old Ferryman

Pioneer homesteader, trapper, and boatman, he lives at Hudson's Hope, not far below the foot of the canyon. For the past ten years he has ferried passengers over the Peace there, first in a "ferry basket," but more recently in a long power boat.



Madonna of the Peace

Her hands are hard and calloused from the chores of an Indian camp, and her melancholy dark eyes are shadowed by memories of disease and famine. In keeping with her rugged life, she wears a man's clothes; yet in the face of this nomad mother there lies a rare and gentle beauty.

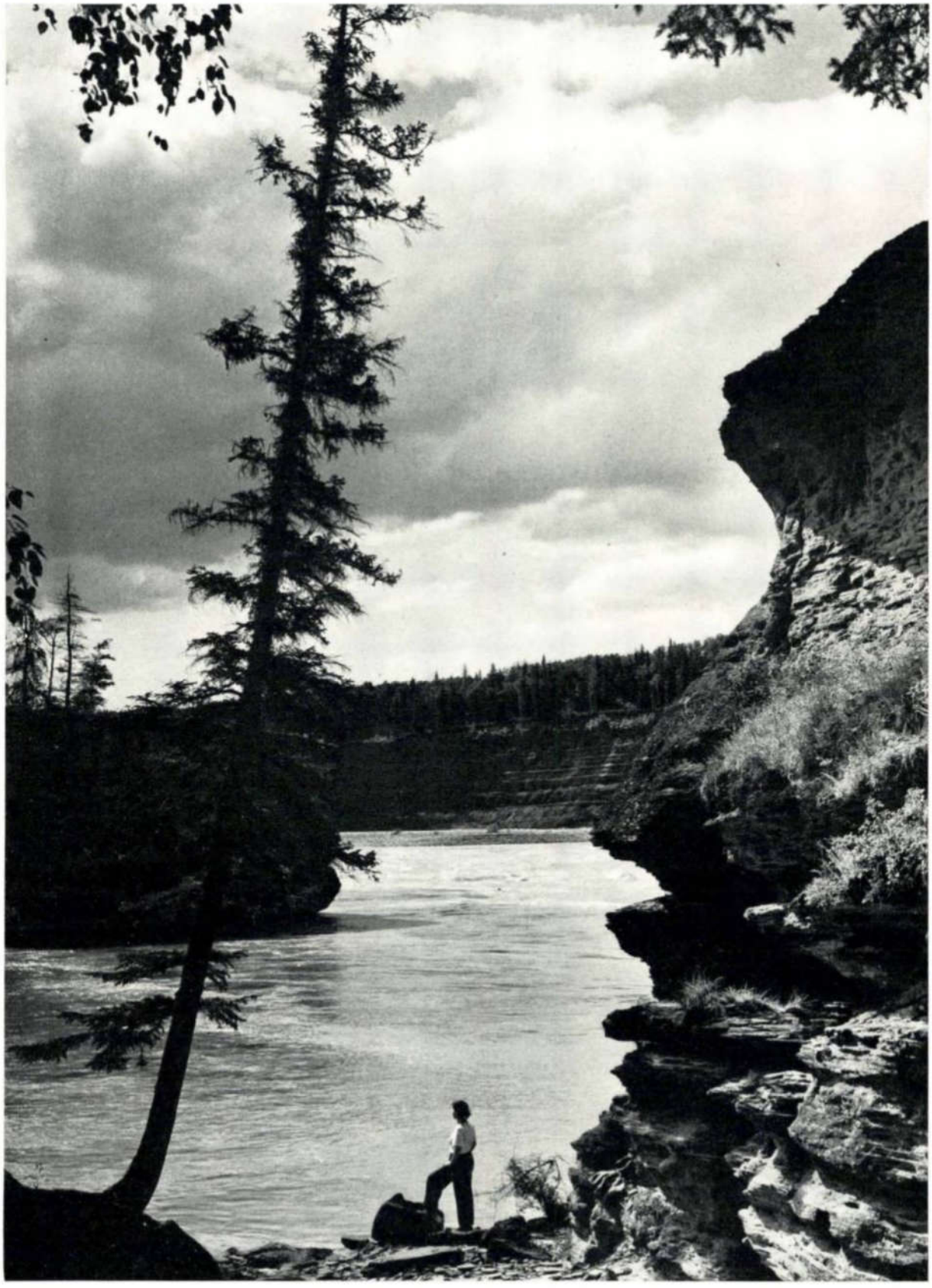


Pioneer Homestead

Trees from the surrounding forest were cut and hewn and sawn to furnish the material for this homestead in the wilderness, and land was cleared to provide grazing for beef cattle on the nearby hills. But a few tall hemlocks were left to give shelter from sun and wind. Truly a pleasant retreat, one would say, from the cares of this frantic world. Yet a link with all the world is there; for that thin line crossing to the eaves of the house comes from a radio aerial. . . .

Opposite:

After its headlong rush through the 25-mile canyon, which no boat has ever navigated, the Peace River slows down at the Glen (seen here), then widens to build gravel bars and low islands. "Here," wrote Mackenzie, "are several islands of solid rock, covered with a small portion of verdure, which have been worn away by the constant force of the current, and occasionally, as I presume, of ice, at the water's edge. . . . They are very elevated for such a situation, and afford an asylum for geese, which were at this time [May 19] breeding on them." One of these islands is seen on the left.



At the Foot of the Canyon

Mr. Guthrie's Un-

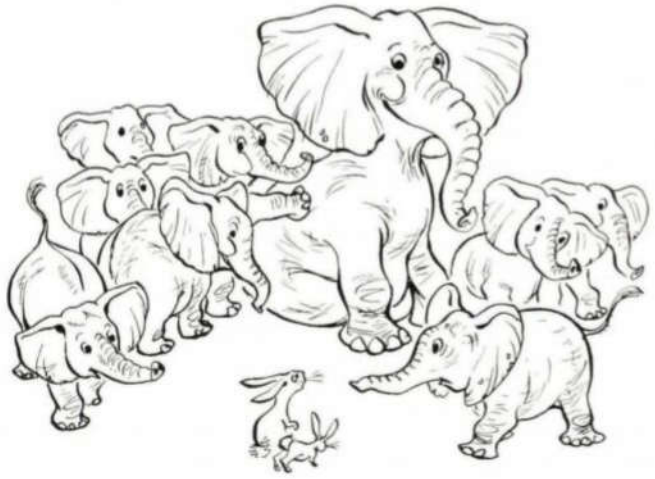
The Tapurette, says Mr. William Guthrie, is the largest native of America, and yet is no bigger than a year-old calf. On the other hand, the moose is as big as a horse. These, and other astounding facts about the New World, are gleaned from his book "A New Geographical, Historical and Commercial Grammar and Present State of the Several Kingdoms of the World," printed in London in 1788, from which the following excerpts were copied by Canon R. B. Horsefield of Flin Flon.

NEW Britain, or the country lying around Hudson's Bay, and commonly called the country of the Esquimaux, comprehending Labrador, now North and South Wales, is bound by unknown lands, and frozen seas, about the pole, on the North; by the Atlantic ocean, on the East; by the bay and river of St. Lawrence and Canada, on the South; and by unknown lands on the West. Its length is computed at 850 miles, and 750 broad.

Soil and Produce—This country is extremely barren: to the northward of Hudson's Bay, even the hardy pine tree is seen no longer, and the cold womb of the earth has been supposed incapable of any better production than some miserable shrubs. Every kind of European seed, which we have committed to the earth, in this inhospitable climate, has hitherto perished.

Animals—These are the moose-deer, stags, reindeer, bears, tygers, buffaloes, wolves, foxes, beavers, otters, lynxes, martins, squirrels, ermines, wild cats, and hares.

"The wisdom of Providence in making formidable animals unprolific is obvious."



Of the feathered kind they have geese, bustards, ducks, partridges, and all manner of wild fowls. Of fish there are whales, morses [walrus], seals, cod-fish, and a white fish preferable to herrings; and in their rivers and fresh waters, pike, perch, carp and trout. There have been taken at Port Nelson, in one season, ninety thousand partridges, which are here as large as hens, and twenty-five thousand hares.

All the animals in these countries are clothed with a close, soft, warm fur. In summer there is here, as in other places, a variety in the colours of the several animals. When that season is over, which holds only for three months, they all assume the livery of winter, and every sort of beasts, and most of their fowls, are of the colour of the snow. This is a surprising phaenomenon. . . .

Before we advance further in the description of America, it may be proper to observe in general, that all the quadrupeds of this new world are less than those of the old; even such as are carried from hence to breed there, are often found to degenerate, but are never seen to improve. . . . The Asiatic elephant, for instance, often grows to above fifteen feet high, while the tapurette [?], which is the largest native of America, is not bigger than a calf a year old. . . . Their beasts of prey are quite divested of that courage which is so often fatal to man in Africa or Asia. They have no lions, nor, properly speaking, either leopard, or tyger. Travellers have, however, affixed those names to such ravenous animals, as are there found most to resemble those of the ancient continent. But if the quadrupeds of America be smaller than those of the ancient continent, they are in much greater abundance. . . . The wisdom of Providence in making formidable animals unprolific is obvious: had the elephant, the rhinoceros, and the lion, the same degree of fecundity with the rabbit, or the rat, all the arts of man would soon be unequal to the contest, and we should perceive them become the tyrants of those who call themselves the masters of creation.

The vast countries which surround Hudson's Bay, as we have already observed, abound with animals, whose fur and skins are excellent. In 1670, a charter was granted to a company, which does not consist of above nine or ten

natural History

Illustrated by
James Simpkins

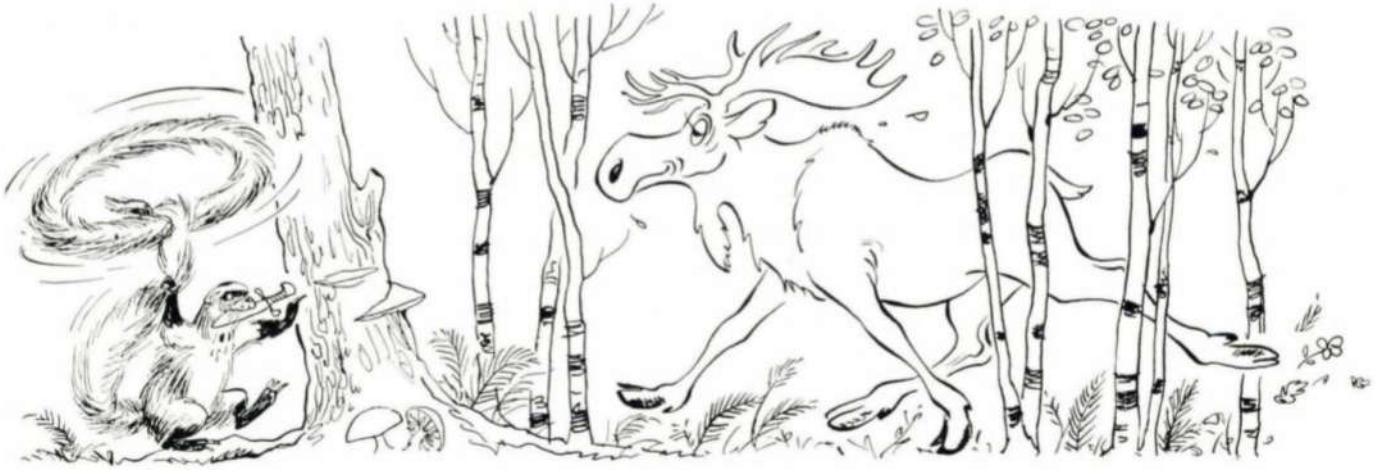
"This commerce, small as it is, affords immense profits to the Company."

persons, for the exclusive trade to this bay, and they have acted under it ever since with great benefit to the private men, who compose the company, though comparatively with little advantage to Great Britain. The fur and peltry trade might be carried on to a much greater extent, were it not entirely in the hands of this exclusive company, whose interested, not to say iniquitous spirit, has been the subject of long and just complaint. The company employ but four ships, and 130 seamen. They have several forts, viz. Prince of Wales, Churchill, Nelson, New Severn, and Albany, which stand on the west side of the bay and are garrisoned by 186 men. . . . They export commodities to the value of £16,000, and bring home returns to the value of £29,340, which yield to the revenue £3,734. This includes the fishery in Hudson's Bay. This commerce, small as it is, affords immense profits to the company,[1] and even some advantages to Great Britain in general; for the commodities we exchange with the Indians for their skins and furs, are all manufactured in Britain; . . . the skins and furs we bring from Hudson's Bay, enter largely into our manufactures, and afford us materials for trading with many nations of Europe, to great advantage.

Animals— . . . The animals that find shelter and nourishment in the immense forests of Canada, and which indeed traverse the uncultivated parts of all this continent,

1. Dividends paid: 1783-5, None. 1786-8, 5%.—Ed.

"This animal will dart upon the elk, twist his strong tail round his body, and cut his throat in a moment."



"They pursue their prey to the tops of the tallest trees."

are stags, elks, deer, bears, foxes, martins, wild cats, ferrets, weasels, squirrels of a large size and greyish hue, hares, and rabbits. The southern parts in particular breed great numbers of wild bulls, deer of a small size, divers sorts of roebucks, goats, wolves, &c. The marshes, lakes, and pools, which in this country are very numerous, swarm with otters, beavers or castors, of which the white is highly valued, being scarce, as well as the right black kind. . . .

The elk [moose] is of the size of a horse or mule. Many extraordinary medicinal qualities, particularly for curing the falling-sickness, are ascribed to the hoof of the left foot of this animal.[2] Its flesh is very agreeable and nourishing, and its colour a mixture of light grey and dark red. They love the cold countries; and when the winter affords them no grass, they gnaw the bark of trees. It is dangerous to approach very near this animal when he is hunted, as he sometimes springs furiously on his pursuers, and tramples them to pieces. To prevent this, the hunter throws his cloaths to him, and while the deluded animal spends his fury on these, he takes proper measures to dispatch him.

There is a carniverous animal here, called the carcajou, of the feline, or cat, kind, with a tail so long, that Charlevoix says he twisted it several times round his body. Its body is about two feet in length, from the end of the snout to the tail. It is said, that this animal, winding himself about a tree, will dart from thence upon the elk, twist his strong tail round his body, and cut his throat in a moment. . . .

Wolves are scarce in Canada, but they afford the finest furs in the country: their flesh is white, and good to eat; and they pursue their prey to the tops of the tallest trees. . . .

The Canadian wood-rat is of a beautiful silver colour, with a bushy tail, and twice as big as the European: the female carries under her belly a bag, which she opens and shuts at pleasure; and in that she places her young when pursued. . . .

Besides a great variety of other fish in the rivers and lakes, are sea-wolves [seals], sea-cows, porpoises, the lencornet, the goberque, the sea-plaise, salmon, trout, turtle, lobsters, the chaourason, sturgeon, the Achigau [*achigan*—bass]; the gilthead, tunny, shad, lamprey smelts, conger-eels, mackarel, soals, herrings, anchovies, and pilchards. . . . The lencornet is a kind of cuttle-fish, quite round, or rather oval. . . . The chaourasou is an armed fish,[3] about five feet long, and as thick as a man's thigh, resembling a pike; but is covered with scales that are proof against a dagger: its colour is a silver grey; and there grows under its mouth a long bony substance, ragged at the edges . . . he conceals himself among the canes, and reeds, in such manner that nothing is to be seen besides his weapon, which he holds raised perpendicularly above the surface of the water; the fowls, which come to take rest, imagining the weapon to be only a withered reed, perch upon it; but they are no sooner alighted than the fish opens his throat, and makes such a sudden motion to seize his prey, that it seldom escapes him.

2. This is from Lahontan—Ed.
3. Lahontan also describes the "Fish in Armour," but says it is only 3½ feet long. It is probably the gar-pike.

STEAMBOATS ON THE RED

by Molly McFadden

The first part of an article on the stern-wheelers and sidewheelers which plied the Red River between Minnesota and Manitoba before the coming of the railway.

THE Red River of the North (so called to distinguish it from the Red River of Louisiana) was a pioneer traffic artery along which Indians paddled canoes and the earlier traders used larger craft called batteaux. But the first steamboat launched a new era rich in adventure in the Red River Valley.

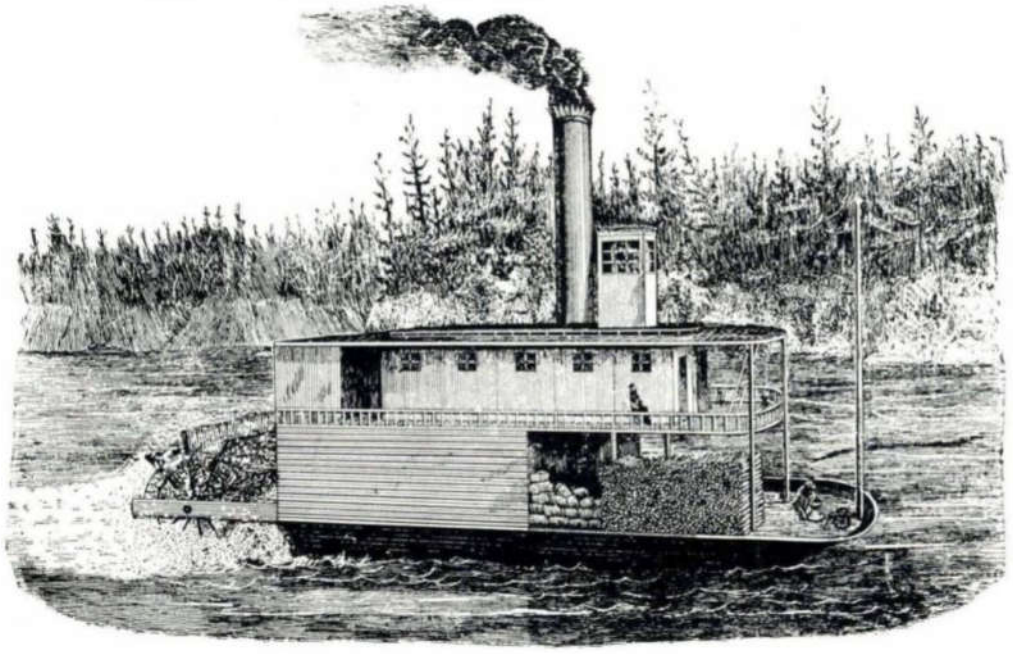
The Hudson's Bay Company had been shipping furs and receiving supplies by way of York Factory on Hudson Bay. Because of ice in the Arctic waters in late spring and early fall, the movement of ships in the bay was difficult and dangerous. In 1857 the Company completed arrangements with the United States Secretary of the Treasury, whereby goods of the Company could be carried in bond through the United States, practically doing away with the traffic through York Factory, where vessels arrived and departed only once a year. Thus ended Winnipeg's isolation.

Capt. Russell Blakely, at the instance of the St. Paul Chamber of Commerce, made the first move to establish steamboats on the Red in 1859. He made a tour of investigation, accompanied by John R. Irvine, in October 1858, and reported upon his return from Georgetown that steamboat navigation on the Red River was practicable for several months in the year. The Chamber of Commerce immediately offered a bonus of $1,000 to anyone who would put a boat on the Red River the following spring. A man named Anson Northup offered to accomplish this feat for $2,000, and his offer was promptly accepted.

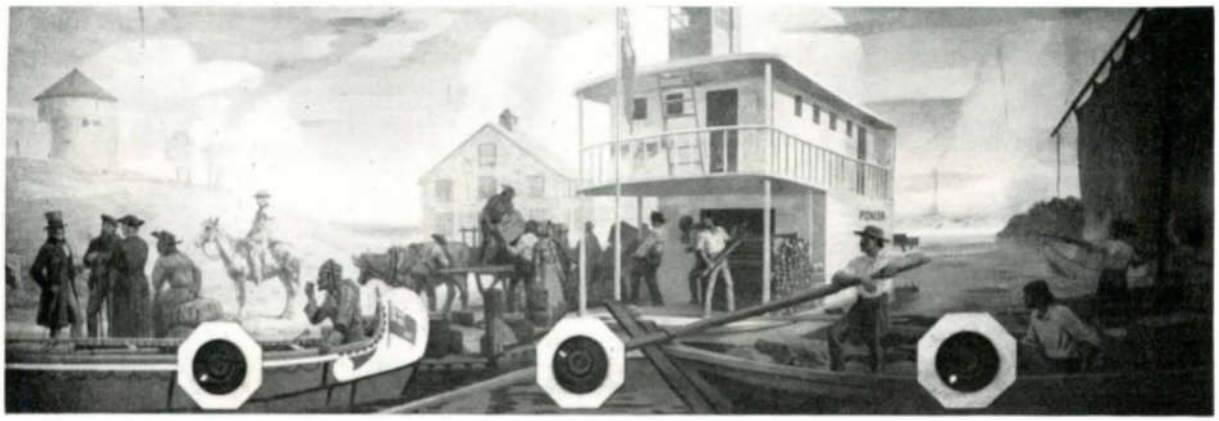
On the Mississippi River above the Falls of St. Anthony there was a steamboat called the *North Star*. Her machinery had originally been brought to Minneapolis from Bangor, Maine, and put on the *Gov. Ramsey*, built in 1851 by Capt. John Rollins. Anson Northup bought the *North Star* in Minneapolis and had her taken up the river to Crow Wing in the fall of 1858. Here she was dismantled, and lumber cut for the hull.

Early the next spring an expedition left Crow Wing, consisting of sixty men and thirty-four ox teams. The machinery, cabin, and furniture of the *North Star*, along with the cut and framed lumber, were loaded on wagons, and they made the trip of about one hundred and fifty miles in one of the coldest winters on record. They arrived at Lafayette, opposite the mouth of the Sheyenne about three miles from Georgetown, on the evening of the first of April.

In about six weeks the boat was finished. Then she was christened *Anson Northup* after the owner and run up to Fort Abercrombie. She had a capacity of from fifty to seventy-five tons, engines of one hundred horse-power, and was ninety feet in length and twenty-two feet wide. "She drew fourteen inches of water light," said the Toronto *Globe* of July 9, 1859.



The "Anson Northup," first steamer on the Red River, made her maiden voyage in June 1859. From an engraving in "The Winnipeg Country," by "A. Rochester Fellow." Note the cannon in the bow.



The Hudson's Bay Company bought the "Anson Northup" and renamed her "Pioneer." This mural in the Company's Winnipeg store shows her unloading on the Assiniboine at Fort Garry. Two forms of transportation that preceded her—canoe and York boat—are also shown.

J. J. Hargrave, in his book *Red River*, 1871, describes her further, as she was in July 1861, rechristened the *Pioneer:* "She was provided with four staterooms, each containing two berths. Passengers, over and above the number of those who could be accommodated in these, slept in a series of open berths extending along the main saloon, from which they were separated only by their curtains. She is a small vessel propelled by a sternwheel."

According to an item from the *Detroit Free Press* of July 16, 1859, copied from the St. Paul *Minnesotan*, the *Anson Northup* left Breckenridge on June 6 and reached Fort Garry, at the mouth of the Assiniboine River, on the 10th, thus taking but four days. "The commander of the British force ordered the firing of the cannon in honor of the event. The British flag was hoisted to greet its sister of the 'stars and stripes' waving at the head of the *Anson Northup*. The great bells of the Catholic Cathedral chimed merrily, and the vast throngs of people that pressed all around cheered and waved caps most energetically. The officers of the Hudson's Bay Company were also very cordial in welcoming the pioneer of progress and prosperity."

Samuel Taylor, a carpenter for the Hudson's Bay Company in 1859 at the Lower Fort, kept a diary at this time, and there is a notation to the effect that the boat took an excursion trip to the Lower Fort on June 13, and "there were plenty of people on board." Charles T. Cavalier, of Pembina, who was running a store in Winnipeg at the time, was on board with his young wife. "It was a perfect circus all the way down," he said, "to see the surprise of the Indians."

For some years the Indians were to protest against the use of the river for steamboats, complaining that the craft drove away the game and that they disturbed the spirits of their dead. They demanded four kegs of yellow money to quiet the spirits of their fathers. They said the blowing of the whistles was the cause of it all. An arrangement was finally made and agreed to, with Chief Red Bear of the Turtle Mountain Indians and others, that it was to be blown only on departure and arrival at Georgetown, Pembina and Fort Garry.

The *Anson Northup* stayed in Fort Garry for a week and then left on June 17 for Fort Abercrombie, taking twenty-five passengers, one of whom was James Ross, a merchant of Red River Settlement. He is quoted by the *Toronto Globe* and the *Detroit Free Press* of 1859 as saying that they were eight days making the return trip upstream, running only by daylight and having again to stop to cut wood along shore.

On reaching Fort Abercombie, the boat was tied up and used to ferry passengers and Red River carts back and forth over the Red River.

Captain Blakely's associate, H. C. Burbank, then bought the *Northup* and placed Captain Edwin Bell in charge. He had trouble after leaving Georgetown (the Hudson's Bay post located on the Minnesota side of Red River sixteen miles north of the site of Moorhead) running the boat past Goose Rapids, but he finally reached Fort Garry safely and laid the boat up at Cook's Creek on August 18. The pumps were drained and the water blown out of the boilers, and according to Samuel Taylor's diary, she was left there for the winter.

In 1860 she was run by Captain C. P. V. Lull, who said she was nothing but "a lumbering old pine-basket, which you have to handle as gingerly as a hamper of eggs," but she made regular trips from Georgetown to Fort Garry and back all that year. Mr. Burbank told J. J. Hargrave the next summer that he had done it to prove that it could be done, but in 1861 he was going to make the boat pay by running it when there was sufficient freight to carry. As she had sunk in her winter quarters at Cook's Creek the second winter, he had her rebuilt, and she was thereafter called the *Pioneer*. Ultimately the *Pioneer* passed into the hands of the Hudson's Bay Company, was dismantled, and her engines used to run a sawmill.

James W. Taylor, the American consul at Winnipeg, was most earnest in his enthusiasm for promoting traffic on the rivers. He was especially the friend of the water route by way of the Red and Saskatchewan rivers to the gold fields, and advanced this route so constantly that he was in later times known as "Saskatchewan Taylor." He expressed his sentiments as follows: "When the whistle shall sound the advent of the first steamboat in Fort Garry, Archbishop Taché, who has prayed so earnestly and waited so long, will spring instantly to his feet and,

raising his hands reverently above his head, exclaim, 'In the name of God, let the bells of St Boniface ring, for civilization has come.' "

There was an old steamboat lying in the Minnesota River six miles below Big Stone Lake, which it was intended to bring over into Red River in 1857. The Minnesota River was in flood and Captain Davis thought he could run the old *Freighter* into the Red River; but the water went down and the boat was left stranded. It was sold at sheriff's sale, and was bought by Burbank of the stage company. A little Welshman was put in charge, and there he stayed nearly four years, away from wife and children, with nothing to eat, only what he could get by hunting and fishing. When found his hair had over three years' growth and his whiskers were long. Coffee sacks and window curtains had been used for clothing, but Burbank's men shared their apparel with him. Taking the boat to pieces, they brought it to Georgetown in the fall of 1860 to be rebuilt. It was 137 feet long, had a twenty-six foot beam and was rated at 133 tons when launched in 1862 under the name *International*.

Her first trip from Georgetown down to Fort Garry, towards the end of May 1862, took seven days—three days longer than the *Northup's* first. But she brought two hundred passengers, including Governor Dallas, Bishop Taché, and Judge Black. In August she attempted another trip to the mouth of the Assiniboine, but was turned back by the opening of Indian hostilities and the difficulty of descending Goose Rapids. A barge attached to the boat was cast off and floated down the river with E. R. Hutchinson in charge.

That international complications were arising may be seen from the following letter printed in North Dakota Historical Collections, vol. 2:

St. Paul, November 10, 1862.

Maj.-Gen. Pope.

Sir:

Under the revenue system of the United States, a very considerable diversion of trade and transportation to and from Selkirk Settlement and other points of Central British America, has taken place in favor of communications through Minnesota. The most prominent of these includes the navigation by steamers of the Red River of the North.

Encouraged by your own observations in 1849, the experiment of steam navigation proved successful in 1859, and a settlement at Georgetown, north of Fort Abercrombie, is at this time the limit of such navigation and a depot of merchandise for transportation to Selkirk and beyond. The steamer—*International*, a first-class vessel—is now moored at Georgetown. The safety of the buildings and their occupants, as well as the steamer, seem to me of great importance to the continuance and extension of our international relations with Central British America.

As special agent of the treasury department for the revenue district, I beg leave to invite your attention to the foregoing consideration and to express a hope that you will direct the officer in command at Fort Abercrombie to assure himself of the security of the settlement at Georgetown and the *International*, the steamer, from Indian depredations.

I am informed that convenient barracks for a company of infantry will be furnished at Georgetown, free of expense to the government. Such a force would be adequate for every possible contingency.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

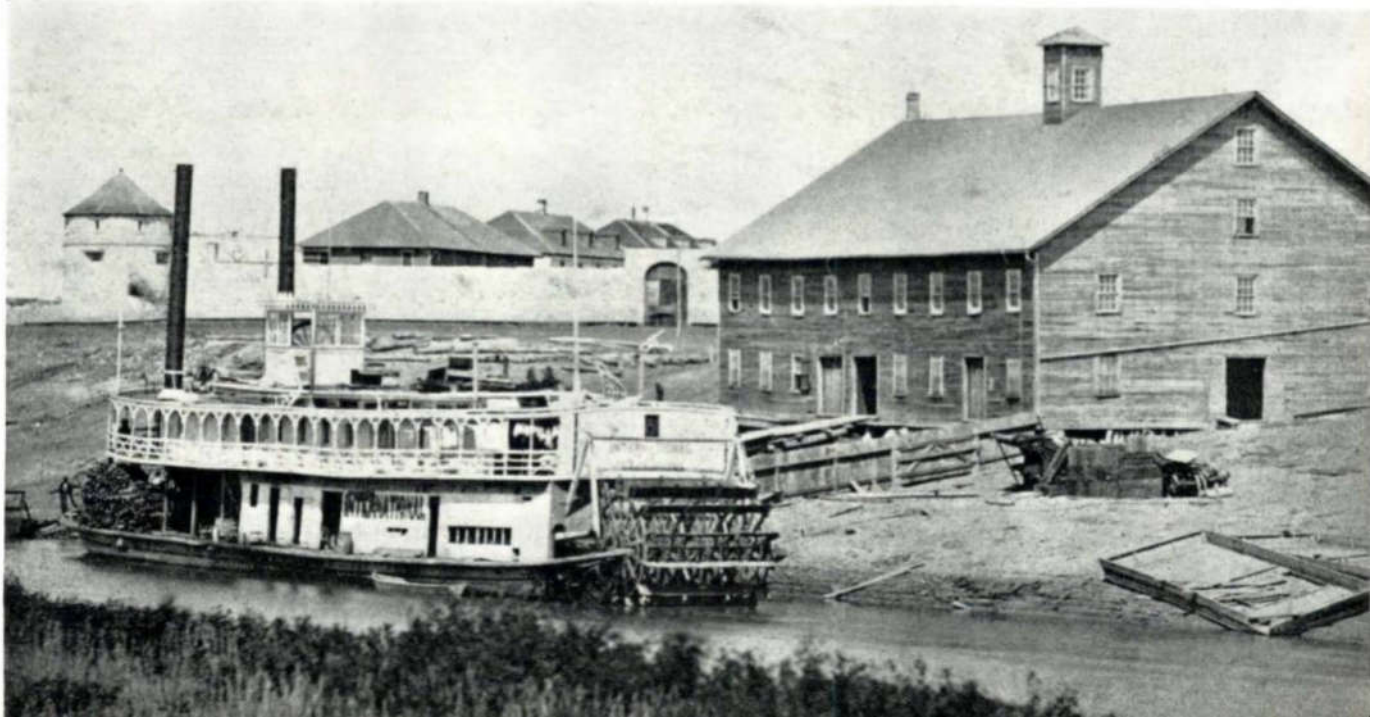
JAMES W. TAYLOR,

Special Agent Treasury Department.

Referred to Lieut.-Col. Peteler, commander at Fort Abercrombie, Nov. 23, 1862.

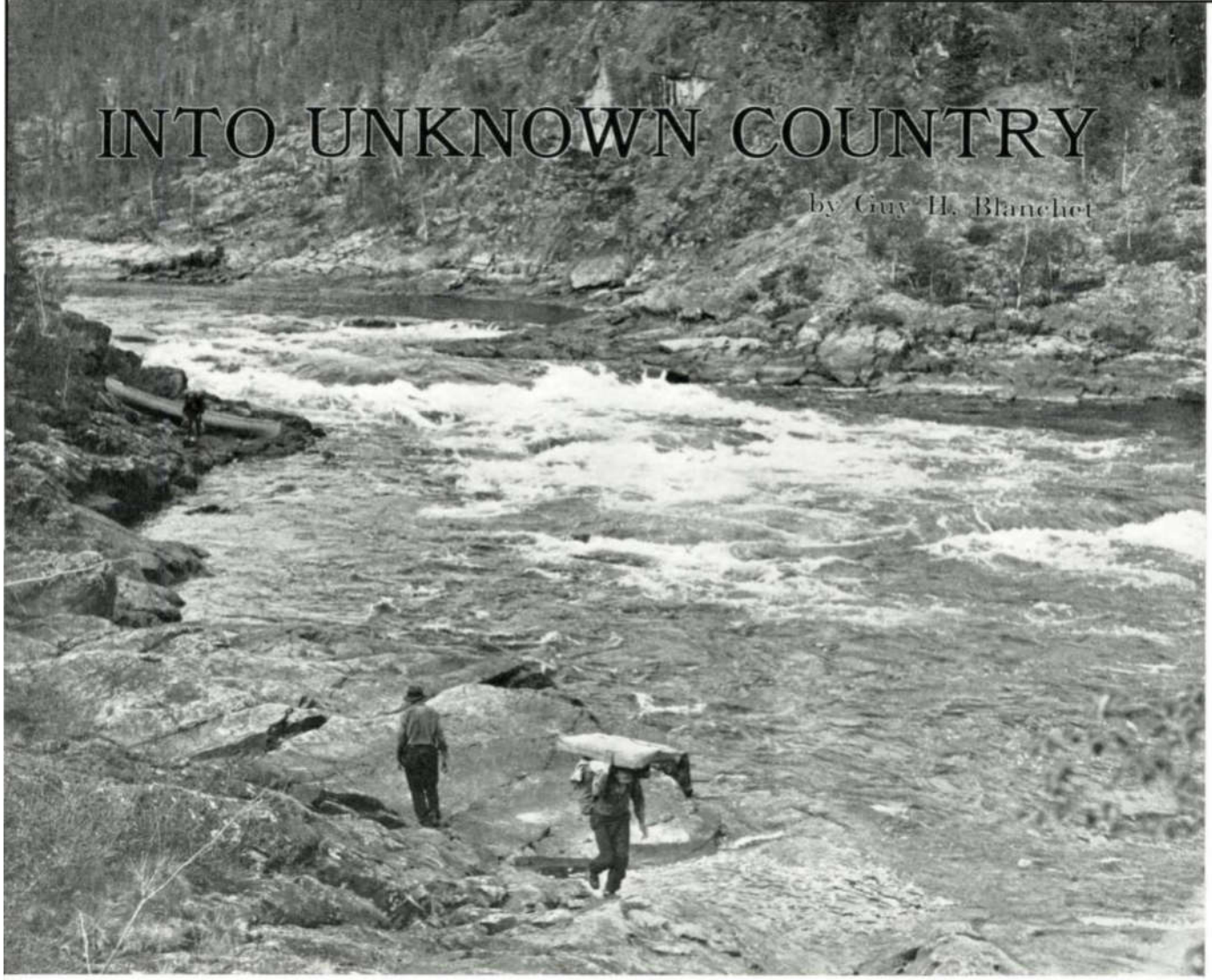
On April 15, 1863, Capt. Barret with a detachment of troops escorted Capt. Painter and crew to Georgetown. The engineer on this occasion was E. R. Abell, who later lived at the Lower Fort. On the 24th they returned on board the steamer *International* to Fort Abercrombie. The boat stayed there for a year and was sold to the Hudson's Bay Company. Low water, scarcity of freight and nervousness about the Indians curtailed shipbuilding until 1870.

The "International" of Grand Forks, second steamboat on the Red, tied up in the Assiniboine at the Company's Fort Garry warehouse, during a period of low water.



INTO UNKNOWN COUNTRY

by Guy H. Blanchet



The author's party enters the canyon of the Snowdrift to begin what was probably the only descent of the canyon ever made by canoe.

How the waterways of the plateau east of Slave River were explored for the first time only twenty-five years ago.

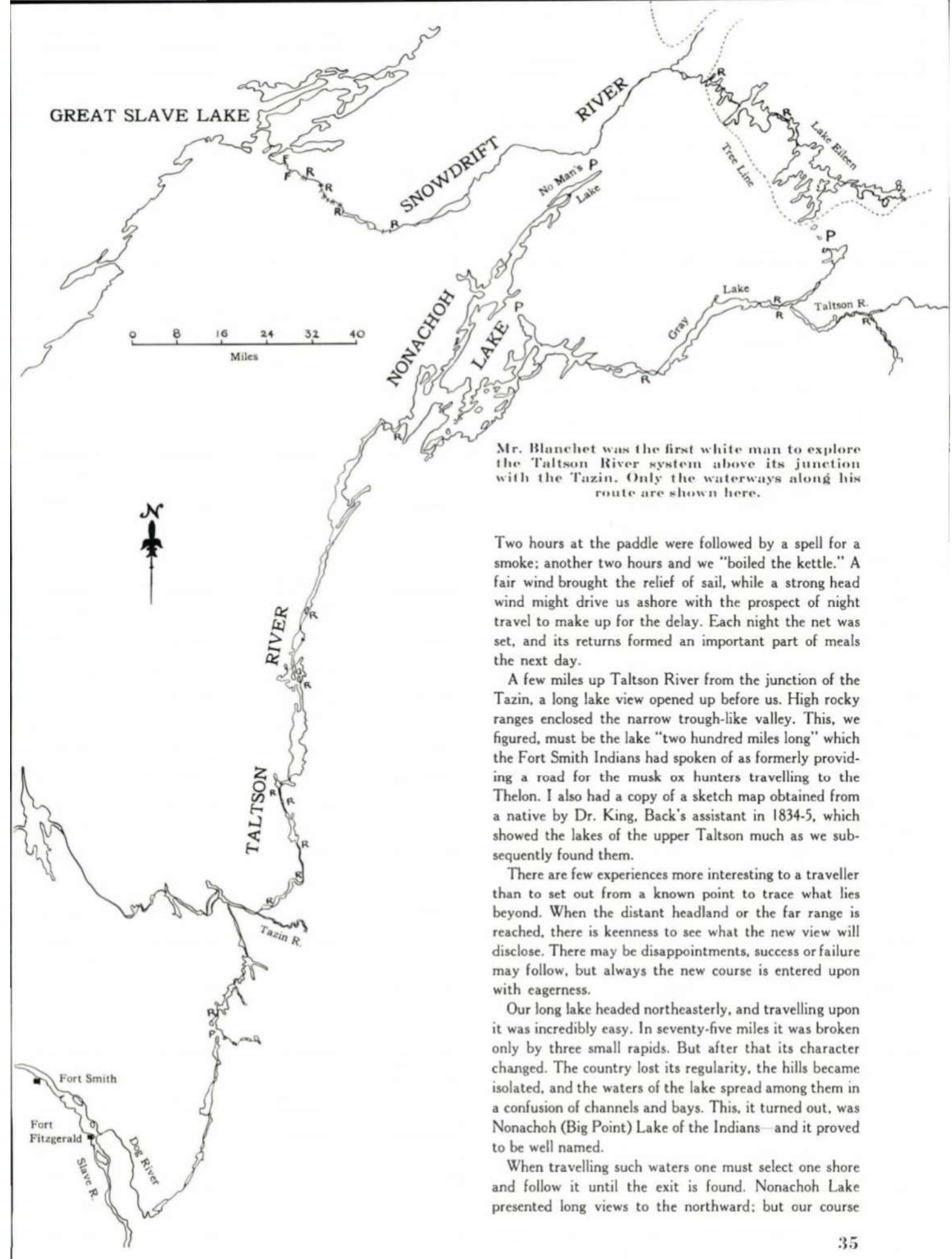
BETWEEN Great Slave Lake and Lake Athabaska, east of Slave River, lies a great plateau with many lakes and a number of large rivers. Before the days of the aeroplane, it was so difficult of access that little was known of it until the exploration of its more important waterways some twenty-five years ago.

Due to its inaccessibility, it was a refuge for the Northern Indians retreating before the Cree advance. The descendants of these people, known as the Caribou Eaters, still live there about the fine fish lakes in summer, and among the caribou at the edge of the Barren Grounds during the rest of the year. They reach the interior by a number of obscure portage routes by way of small lakes, rather than by following the large turbulent rivers.

Hearne crossed this country on his return journey in 1772. Camsell traversed its western border in his exploration of Tazin and Lower Taltson Rivers in 1914; and my exploration of Abitau River in 1926 (*Beaver*, Sept. 1949) crossed the southern highlands. In the course of a canoe journey the previous year we had mapped a remarkable lake system through the interior area which has been and still is one of the great Indian routes to the Barrens.

We started this journey of exploration from Fort Fitzgerald. The canoe route of the Fort Smith Indians, which leaves Slave River at the head of the rapids by way of Dog River, was selected as the best one to follow. The plateau rises abruptly from the lakes to the north and south of it, but falls off in a flattening tongue to the west. The Dog River route climbs this long slope, using a number of small lakes and streams with many portages, and involves a hundred miles of travel to reach Taltson River not far below its junction with the Tazin.

In canoe travel there had been little change since the days of the early fur traders. Our nineteen-foot canvas canoe replaced the five-fathom birch-bark, and we had four men to handle it instead of eight. For Barren Lands travel we carried a folding canoe in place of a roll of birch bark and a bundle of frames such as the Indians used for canoe building. Portaging was the same, with tump lines.



Mr. Blanchet was the first white man to explore the Taltson River system above its junction with the Tazin. Only the waterways along his route are shown here.

Two hours at the paddle were followed by a spell for a smoke; another two hours and we "boiled the kettle." A fair wind brought the relief of sail, while a strong head wind might drive us ashore with the prospect of night travel to make up for the delay. Each night the net was set, and its returns formed an important part of meals the next day.

A few miles up Taltson River from the junction of the Tazin, a long lake view opened up before us. High rocky ranges enclosed the narrow trough-like valley. This, we figured, must be the lake "two hundred miles long" which the Fort Smith Indians had spoken of as formerly providing a road for the musk ox hunters travelling to the Thelon. I also had a copy of a sketch map obtained from a native by Dr. King, Back's assistant in 1834-5, which showed the lakes of the upper Taltson much as we subsequently found them.

There are few experiences more interesting to a traveller than to set out from a known point to trace what lies beyond. When the distant headland or the far range is reached, there is keenness to see what the new view will disclose. There may be disappointments, success or failure may follow, but always the new course is entered upon with eagerness.

Our long lake headed northeasterly, and travelling upon it was incredibly easy. In seventy-five miles it was broken only by three small rapids. But after that its character changed. The country lost its regularity, the hills became isolated, and the waters of the lake spread among them in a confusion of channels and bays. This, it turned out, was Nonachoh (Big Point) Lake of the Indians—and it proved to be well named.

When travelling such waters one must select one shore and follow it until the exit is found. Nonachoh Lake presented long views to the northward; but our course

A fine stretch of upper Nonachoh Lake with sand beaches and the last of the white spruce.

was easterly, so we held to the south shore past many of its "big points." As the country flattened, rocky shores were replaced by sand. There were many fine benches with groves of white spruce, and on these there were the remains of many large encampments, old teepee poles, meat stages and, here and there, graves. Caribou trails were deeply marked in the white moss, proving this to be an autumn range. It was indeed a fine country from the Indian viewpoint. The lake abounded in excellent whitefish and trout. In their season, caribou could be obtained for food and clothing. Moose and bear were there, geese nested, it was a winter haunt of ptarmigan. To add to all this, it was a timbered country where there would never be a problem of fuel. I examined many camping places and found evidence both of new and very ancient life there.

There was also evidence that we were approaching the limit of canoe travel. The hills closed in as long low ranges to the eastward. At the eastern extremity of Nonachoh Lake a strong rapid entered. Above this, Gray Lake gave us another twenty-five miles of easy paddling, but the stream above was shallow, swift and unnavigable.

We could not continue eastward, but from the end of Gray Lake there were signs of travel northward. Taking one man and the folding canoe, I set out overland. Away from the lake valley the country was rolling and semi-barren. Small lakes gave us some use of the canoe and piled stones on bare hill tops marked the route to a large lake. Islands and long points made it difficult to estimate its size and shape, and our little canoe was scarcely seaworthy for two men. From its location it might drain to Thelon River, but after two days' travel we found the outlet, a fair-sized stream flowing northwest . . . heading towards Snowdrift River. We named this Lake Eileen. The woods had thinned to scattered clumps, and there were many old caribou signs, but no recent ones. Fish could not be depended on in these headwater lakes and the summer season was passing. Our proposed three-day exploration had stretched to eleven days. I was forced to decide that further travel eastward was too difficult.

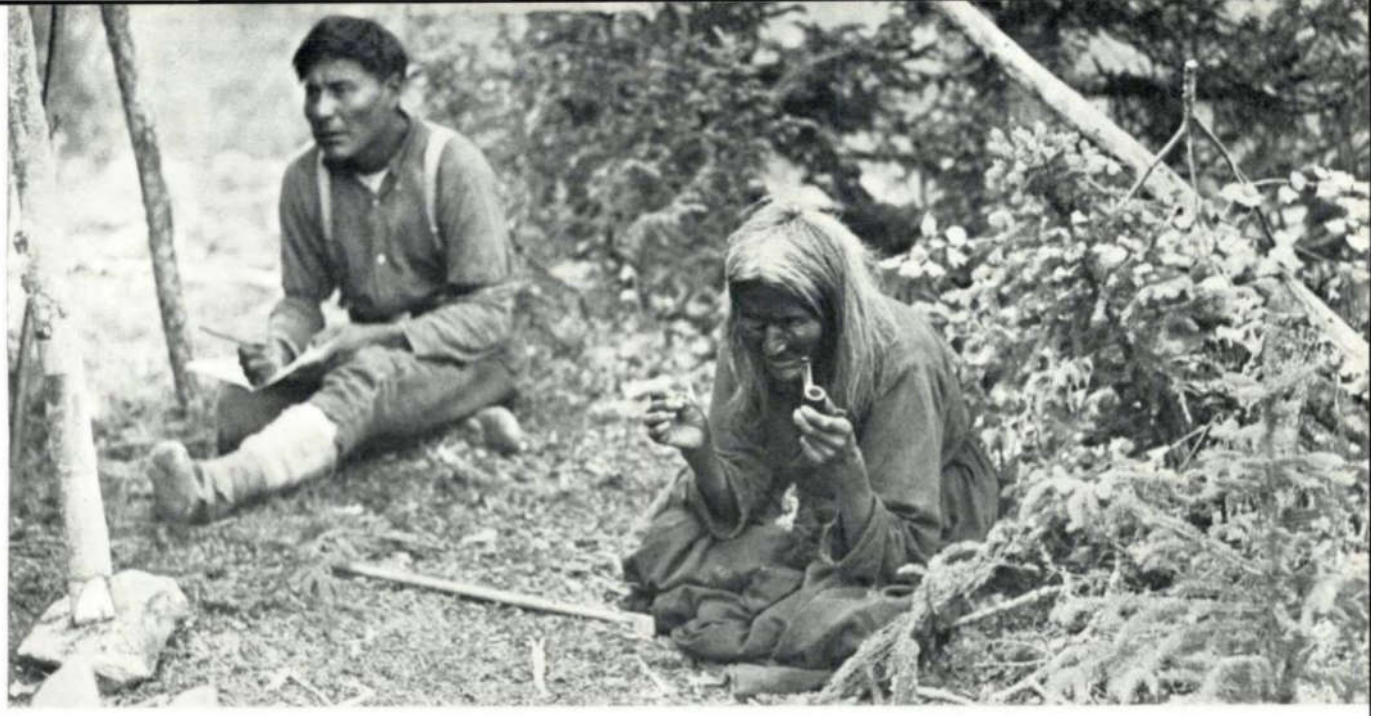
The author (right) and his companion on Lake Eileen with their folding canoe and a big lake trout they have just caught from it.

There remained an interesting exploration of the northern portion of Nonachoh Lake and possible return to Great Slave Lake by Snowdrift River, which was unmapped. When we returned to Nonachoh Lake we had not travelled far when we saw several canoes hauled up on a beach, and our approach was heralded by a dog chorus. The people who welcomed us were the advance guard of Caribou Eaters, returning to their hunting ranges after taking treaty and trading furs at Fort Resolution on Great Slave Lake. We were told they had expected to meet the caribou in two days, which would bring them to the country that we had just left. An old blind woman with them seemed to know most about the country. She said when she was young they always travelled this way to hunt musk ox on the Thelon, and that they would spend the spring at the camps we had noted where caribou were abundant, and also wood for canoe building. When the ice left the lakes they would set out for the fort, some to Fort Smith others to Resolution.

Life for them had changed little during her eighty odd years. When asked about particular lakes, she said, "There are too many lakes in this country to know which one you want." However she had her grandson make a map for me which showed the road to the Thelon as probably by Lake Eileen and easterly to large lakes in which the Thelon River heads. This agrees with what is shown by aerial surveys. I could only get the drift of her talk through my interpreter, but she said much more that would have been interesting, as her mind went back perhaps eighty years, as she thought of the brave days of her youth.

These people gave us much useful information. An arm of the lake stretched north from their camp, and from its extremity two short portages led to the main north arm. At the far end of that arm, they told us, we should make a carry to No Man's Lake, and from the hills beyond we could look down into the valley of the Snowdrift River. When I told them we proposed to follow this river to Great Slave Lake, they said, "This is a good river to travel, but you must leave it by the portage road before it falls down the mountain." This was good advice if we could have followed it.

We had killed a moose at the rapids leading from Gray Lake, but the weather was warm and the meat was spoiling and we had practically nothing else. We exchanged "fresh" meat for dried moose meat—excellent emergency rations. The meeting had been a fortunate one for us. I was struck by the evidence of changing times. My party looked travel-worn, almost ragged, while the natives were dressed in clean white shirts and fancy goods, for they were not long away from the fort and their summer



The old blind woman recalls the route to the Thelon she knew when she was young, while her grandson sketches it for the author. All photos by G. H. Blanchet

trading. Not only that, but they were travelling as Matonabbee informed Hearne was the only way to be successful —that was to have "women who could do most of the work and required only the licking of their fingers to support them." In this instance, their presence was evidenced by clean shirts, well dried moose meat, and tea and meat prepared for a meal at a moment's notice.

The blind woman's mental picture had been clear. Some fifty miles of travel brought us to the end of the rocky portage from No Man's Lake and to one of those remarkable views occasionally seen in northern travel—like the first sight of Clearwater valley crossing Portage la Loche. As we emerged from a rocky defile, a wide, deep valley lay below us, stretching for miles to the east and west.

The valley was floored with sand which reached the foothills in clean white drifts, with park-like stands of spruce adding its contrast of colour. The Snowdrift! The river had this name in Hearne's time, and its significance was at once apparent. The upper walls of the valley were rocky, with a light covering of small spruce. Years later I flew over it and found that the aerial view was equally striking and picturesque. The curving trench of the river bottom cuts through the rugged border land of the plateau, and the drifted sand might easily be mistaken for snow.

For a hundred miles of easy travel, we followed down Snowdrift River. Its grade was moderate and the rapids that broke its course seldom had to be portaged. But my mind was more disturbed than the river. We had to drop six hundred feet to reach the level of Great Slave Lake and these small rapids gave us little fall. Our course paralleled the lake and I did not like the Indian description of the river "falling down the mountain." We kept a sharp lookout but could not find the portage. Then, too, our supplies of dry meat were low, the fresh meat was rotten, and fish were almost unobtainable.

The climax came suddenly. The valley closed and the river cut sharply into the mountains. We entered with a moderate rapid, and while running this the head of a bear appeared above the bushes. A shot from the bouncing canoe secured a much needed supply of meat. Looking back, the gap in the mountains appeared as a gate closing behind us. We were committed to "fall down the mountain" or to abandon the canoe and travel overland with our folding canoe.

I do not think that a canoe was ever taken through the canyon of the Snowdrift before, and it is most unlikely that it will ever be attempted again. Circumstances forced us to take the risk, and because this was a summer of low water we succeeded in bringing the big canoe down. Ledges were exposed that would ordinarily have been flooded. We dropped five hundred feet in six miles, a large part of it in three. We started with rapids that we could run, then cascades with short portages over ledges. The walls of the valley became almost vertical, but usually one side was easier, which forced us to make frequent dashes between cascades. Then came the falls which we had to approach with care, lining down. Once the stern line broke . . . but the bow line held and drew the canoe in. We spent three days making the six miles, always with the roar of falling waters reverberating from the rocky walls, always with a threat ahead but with the satisfaction of conquering what lay behind.

We cleared the last fall, ran the final rapid, and emerged onto the waters of Great Slave Lake. We had not proceeded far when we met the advance guard of the Yellowknife Indians, heading for the caribou. Among them was an old man with whom I had once travelled. He asked where we had been, then by what road we had reached the lake. I told him we had followed the river down the mountain. He shook his head gravely and said, "I think maybe no."

THE LONE CANOEIST OF 1885

An account of a 200-mile canoe voyage down the Saskatchewan made during the 1885 Rebellion by Surgeon-Major C. M. Douglas, V.C. With an introduction by G. H. Needler.

IN General Middleton's account of the Rebellion of 1885, recently published by the University of Toronto Press, we read: "The wounded [from the Fish Creek Fight] were handed over to Surgeon-Major Douglas, who had paddled alone in a canoe from the Landing, a distance of about 200 miles." Back of this simple statement lies an exploit to which, for daring, skill and determination to fulfil an assumed duty, it would be difficult to find a parallel anywhere.

Colonel C. M. Douglas, who was born in Quebec, had had a distinguished career as a British army surgeon in India, in the course of which he won the Victoria Cross, and had settled with his family in 1883 at Lakefield, Ontario. When the Riel Rebellion broke out two years later, he volunteered his services and was appointed to take charge of a field hospital at Saskatoon. Having got as far as Swift Current on the C.P.R., he found the remainder of the journey no simple matter. The most feasible route seemed to be overland to Saskatchewan Landing, and down the river about two hundred miles to Saskatoon by the steamer *Northcote*. To this Hudson's Bay stern-wheeler had been assigned the difficult task of carrying troops and supplies for General Middleton's main column operating against the rebels farther down toward Batoche. To fill in completely the picture so modestly presented here by Surgeon-Major Douglas himself is possible only to those who know from personal experience the Saskatchewan River at the end of winter and the desolate loneliness of that scene sixty-five years ago. The tiny craft was liable at any hour to have a hole ripped in its canvas bottom by a snag stuck in the sandbar over which it passed, leaving the solitary wrecked canoeman to face the perhaps impossible task of finding his way back to civilization.

The folding canoe used by Surgeon-Major Douglas on this voyage was an improved model, worked out by himself, of the "Berthon" boats once in common use by the navy as auxiliary lifeboats; it was built by the Ontario Canoe Company, to whom the patent was leased by the designer. When the ribs were released, each side of the canoe folded lengthwise along the keel, making it compact and easily portable. The canoeman sat in it with a double-bladed paddle, kyak style. The fact that he took the tiny craft along with him as he started out from Lakefield meant, of course, that he foresaw some possible use for it at Saskatoon; when "something tempted" him to make the risky trip of two hundred miles down the river, that was the blend of courage and skill with which he was endowed.

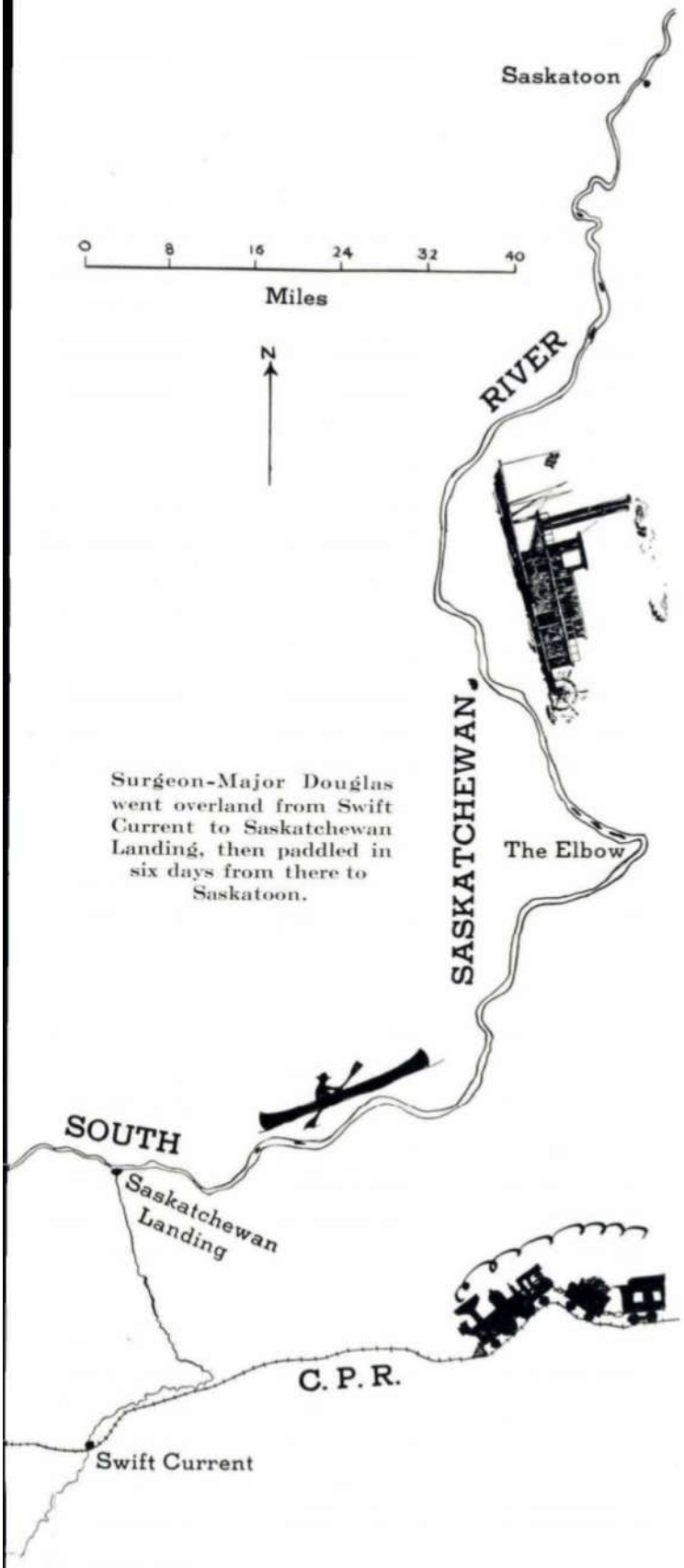
The general with whom Surgeon-Major Douglas sat at breakfast in the C.P.R. caboose at Swift Current that morning was General Laurie, who had been appointed to command at that base on April 14, the day on which Colonel Otter's column started from there to the relief of Battleford. Soon after ferrying Otter's troops across the river at Saskatchewan Landing, the steamer *Northcote* had started down, presently to be stuck on the sandbar where the lone paddler came upon her. Be it said on behalf of the *Northcote* that navigation on this stretch of the river was then new to her, that the water was low owing to the mountain snows not yet having begun to melt, and that she was assigned—or took upon herself—the impossible feat of going down stream with two heavily laden scows alongside.

Stuck, as we have seen, on sandbars, the *Northcote* failed to get down and convey the many wounded men up to hospital at Saskatoon. After an anxious week of waiting, ambulances were improvised by swinging hides of cattle hammockwise in the wagon boxes, and the journey of some forty miles was accomplished in tolerable comfort. Surgeon-Major Douglas's heroic canoe trip proved to be a piece of fortunate and dramatic timing: he got there to take over the field hospital at Saskatoon on the morning of the very day on which the wounded men from the Fish Creek Fight were consigned to his well proved care.

Colonel Douglas, V.C., was a man of wide and varied experience with small craft. In the *Badminton Magazine* of April, 1897, he has given an account of his cruises. Often dangerous as they were, none of them was made in such a diminutive craft, or in such perilous isolation, as on the two hundred miles down the unknown South Saskatchewan in April 1885.—*G. H. Needler.*

The following account has been made up from two articles written by Col. Douglas. Most of it is taken from Forest & Stream *of July 9, 1885, the rest from the* Badminton Magazine *of April 21, 1897.*

TOWARDS the end of April (1885) a small party of us were at breakfast in a caboose on the line of the C.P.R. at Swift Current. An encounter had taken place between a party of Riel's half-breeds and a force of Canadian artillery and militia under General Middleton. We were discussing the chances of the steamer *Northcote* getting down the river Saskatchewan and carrying her lading of reinforcements and supplies to General Middleton, who was in camp some two hundred miles to the north of us. The vessel was a stern-wheel steamer drawing some four feet of water aft: she had successfully ascended the South Saskatchewan the previous autumn, but had never attempted the more difficult task of going down the river in that part of its course, encumbered with a scow on each side and heavily loaded. Something tempted me to offer to go down the river in a little folding canoe I had with me. "That's very public spirited of you, Douglas," said the general in command at the base, who was one of the party, and I felt that I was nailed.



It was not without inward qualms that I set to to make preparations for the voyage. I had mental visions of wily Indians in ambush taking a pot shot at the solitary navigator and sending him to the happy hunting grounds to paddle his own canoe at his leisure. I could not go back on my offer, however, and next morning saw me seated on a buckboard drawn by an Indian pony, my folding canoe beside me in a packet and sundry other packages of supplies and duffle packed below the seat. My friends came around to bid me good-bye and request locks of my scanty hair with a view to leaving as little as possible for the natives, whom I was expected to meet, to exercise their peculiar talents on. Then I took the trail to the northward, sufficiently marked by strings of vehicles carrying supplies to the river, and made my way over the barren prairie.

In the afternoon I reached the river, having had a narrow escape of losing my outfit, owing to the apparently meek and broken-down cayuse taking a mean advantage of me while I was re-arranging my load and when I had let go the reins. The animal bolted, leaving me standing on the prairie with the canoe package in my hands. He circled around and scattered a good deal of the rest of the cargo in the vicinity, then hit the home trail for Swift Current. I followed at such pace as I could best manage to keep the animal in view, not with any expectation of coming up with him. After he had got two or three miles on his road home, he came on a party of teamsters camped for their dinner; about twenty of them spread themselves out on the prairie and tried to stop him, but he dodged them all cleverly and on he went gaily. "It's no use running," said they when I came up with the party; "take it quietly." So I did. Two miles further I found another lot of teams, and here to my delight I saw my pony, with the buckboard intact, tied to the wheel of a wagon. He looked as sleepy as ever, and immediately coughed as if to hint his chest was delicate. The teamsters offered me dinner, of which I was glad enough, and one of them who had been a sailor discoursed of the sea, a pleasant reminiscence in that desert land. This little escapade fortunately ended without any damage, so I was soon on my way again after gathering up my canoe and the dunnage that had been spilt on the prairie. This time I took the precaution to tie the animal to a telegraph pole. About five o'clock in the evening I reached the river, where I found a small encampment in charge of supplies. Here I left the "rig" with the officer to whom it belonged *pro tem.*, and who sympathized with me when I told him how my confidence in the animal had been abused, as he had had the buckboard nearly kicked to pieces without the least provocation when the animal was going along at a quiet walk.

He gave me a shake-down in his tent, and after supper I went down to look at the river, a dull looking stream flowing between sand-bars in a bed much too large for it. I tried my boat, which was a new one, hitherto unused, and built the previous autumn. It was of the Canadian model, twelve feet in length by two feet six inches beam and twelve inches deep amidships. It weighed some forty-five pounds, and was propelled by a double bladed paddle.

The lone canoeist with the "Saskatoon," the craft in which he made the long voyage down the Saskatchewan. This photo was taken when he crossed the English Channel in the same canoe, ten years later.

I found it to answer to my expectations, so I left it in a scow to be ready for an early start in the morning, and climbing up the steep bank, returned to the tent in the neighbouring encampment.

Next morning shortly after daybreak I got my gear together, stowed it in my little craft, and started on my lonely paddle of over two hundred miles. The river was free from ice, but had not been reinforced as yet by melted snow from the Rocky Mountains, so the water was low; the stream ran between sand banks at the rate of about two to three miles an hour, and its depth was variable. High clay banks on either side shut out all view of the surrounding country—not that there was anything to see when one did surmount them.

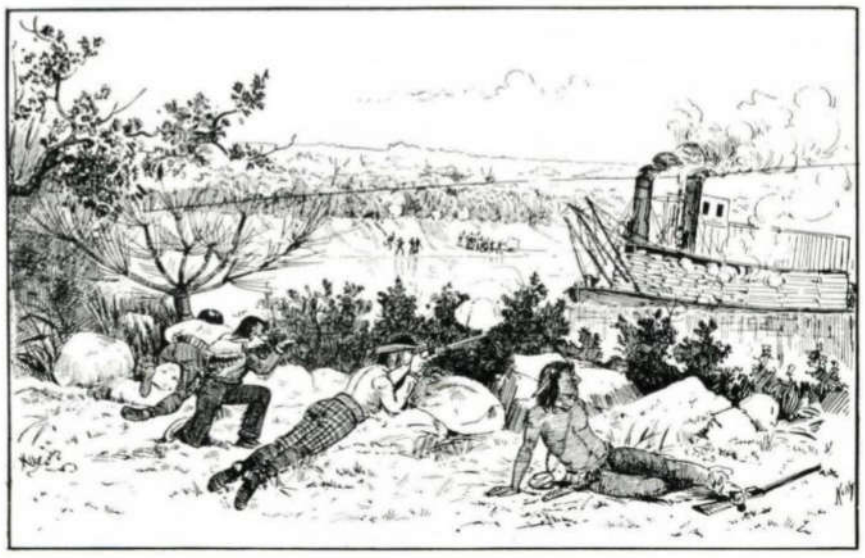
My outfit consisted of a couple of bags of provisions, hard biscuit, tinned meat, and a little tinned fruit; tea, cocoa, and sugar (altogether enough to last me a fortnight), blankets, a waterproof sheet, and a small tin pot for cooking. I had no tent, proposing to use my canoe for the purpose of shelter after the manner of the North American Indians.

Helped by the current, I paddled at the rate of about five miles an hour. "The thief doth see in every bush an officer," so at first I thought of an Indian lurking behind each thicket. After I had passed a good many without seeing any Indians I felt more at ease, and amused myself forming imaginary pictures out of the irregular masses of clay and sand past which I swept; pinnacles and round towers, forts with moats, came successively into view. Desolation is the chief impression I have carried away of the South Saskatchewan. Except one slight "race," I met no rapids or difficulties such as canoeists delight in surmounting; to find the channel at times was the only difficulty. The river wound among the sand-bars in a way that was confusing, and unless I watched carefully the set of the current I would suddenly find myself with only about two inches of water under my keel. Occasionally I was tempted to make a short cut, which was not a success as I was soon reduced to wading barelegged through sand and water for about a quarter of a mile before I regained the main channel.

At noon I stopped for a modest dinner of corned beef and hardtack, and a short rest, and then on again. My course was first east, then northeast, and by the afternoon of the second day I had made by reckoning a point above the Elbow. A head wind then got up, and as I found I was not making much headway against it I camped for the night.

The process was simple. I selected a dry coulee when there was one handy, by the river if possible, spread my bag and blanket on the ground for a bed, and over this I turned my canoe bottom upwards like an umbrella, one gunwale resting on the ground, the other supported a foot or so above it by a short stick. Over the canoe and opening I spread a large waterproof sheet, so as to extemporize an effective shelter tent, beneath which I crept and covered myself up. Even towards the end of April the nights in the northwest of Canada are sometimes intensely cold, and occasionally when I woke in the morning I found my waterproof sheet stiff with ice. My supper and breakfast consisted of cocoa and biscuit.

On the morning of the third day about seven o'clock I reached the Elbow, where the river changes its course from northeast to north, making a decided bend. Here I saw a solitary hut, the only sign of habitation I had seen since leaving Swift Current station. It stood bare and lonely on the hillside above the river, tenantless, without a sign of



Rebels firing on the "Northcote" at Batoche, May 8, 1885. Her smokestacks (which were considerably taller than shown here) were carried away by the ferry cable. From the "Souvenir Number of the Illustrated War News," 1885.

cultivation near it, and it added to the loneliness of the scene. I was told afterwards, however, that I had been seen by some scouts. After rounding the Elbow the navigation of the river improved, and its course became more clearly marked, but as soon as I had got well on my way northward I met a stiff breeze blowing right up the river, a regular "nose-ender." I hammered against this for a short time, but soon came to the conclusion the game was not worth the candle and accordingly made for the shore, landed and built a small fire, at which I read and slept and meditated the rest of the day and night.

I was up betimes the following morning, for at about 3 a.m. the temperature of my lair under the canoe was not conducive to sleep. The wind had fallen during the night and the clear dawn gave promise of a fine day. Relighting my fire, I soon made myself a cup of cocoa, which with "hard tack" constituted my frugal breakfast, then I got under way again just as dawn was breaking. The morning was fine and calm and, helped by a strong current, I made good headway down stream.

After paddling about twenty miles I was somewhat startled by the unexpected boom of a steam whistle lower down the river. Following its windings I soon came in sight of the smoke stacks of a steamer, without doubt the *Northcote*. Was she on her return voyage, or was she on her way down stream like myself? A few more strokes of my paddle settled it. I saw the red-coated line of militia soldiers, and rounding to under the lee of the steamer, which was wedged on a sand bank, was greeted by a cheer from them. I spent a few hours on board the steamer, but soon tired of the monotony of seeing the ship, heavily loaded, with two barges alongside, warped or lifted from one sandbar on to another by means of her "grasshopper legs." So after dinner I launched my canoe again and left the *Northcote* as I had found her, stuck on another sandbar. The afternoon was hot enough, a contrast to the night.

As I got near the Moose Woods, where the river widens out to two or three miles from one bank to another—the current passing between mud banks and islands—wild geese, *outarde*, Canada wild swan, and ducks became more plentiful; these were so tame I came up within a few yards of them; evidently canoes were a rarity on the river. I forbore shooting at them with my revolver (the only weapon I had) on account of the uncertainty of hitting a goose or duck with it; besides I had no cartridges to spare. A herd of antelope also came down to the river bank about two hundred yards from me, gazed for a moment, then trotted off. Beaver splashed into the water from the bank, put their heads above water to gaze around, and then treated me to a view of their tails. About sunset I got to the expansion of the river and paddled on, hoping to find a suitable camping place, but they were rare in that locality. At last as the evening darkened into night I put to shore, climbed up a low muddy bank and found a dry spot with brush, on which to build my fire. Tired with my long day's work, I slept soundly in spite of the hard frost.

Next day—the sixth from leaving Swift Current—was the last of my cruise. Making an early start, I paddled past an Indian reservation allotted to a band of Sioux who had crossed the line from the United States side after the dispersion of Sitting Bull's tribe, accompanied by that redoubtable chief. The band, headed by the chief "White Cap," had abandoned their reservation and gone off to join Riel, leaving their huts and the implements of agriculture which had been given them in the vain hope of changing the nature of these wild men.

After about twenty miles paddling, I got to where the river narrowed again, and where an island split the current in two; the prettiest little bit of river scenery I had met with. Below this I came on an inhabited house on the bank, near which were two boys watching me. From these I learned I was close to the colony of Saskatoon, a small settlement on the river, where I was expected, as my departure had been wired from Swift Current. Two or three miles lower down I came on a ferry, and landing here I carried my canoe and lading up to the ferryman's house. The village was in a state of commotion, a fight between Canadian Militia and half-breeds and Indians had taken place a week before about thirty miles lower down on the river, and some thirty wounded men were to be brought in that afternoon. So I had other work than canoe paddling to do, and my solitary cruise came to an end.

Colonel Douglas with a folding dinghy he built for one of his yachts in Scotland, about 1903. These two photos were supplied by his son, George M. Douglas, well known northern traveller, who has built many such craft.

SAWMILL ON THE COLUMBIA

The great lumber industry of the Pacific Coast had its beginnings in a small mill near Fort Vancouver, in 1828.

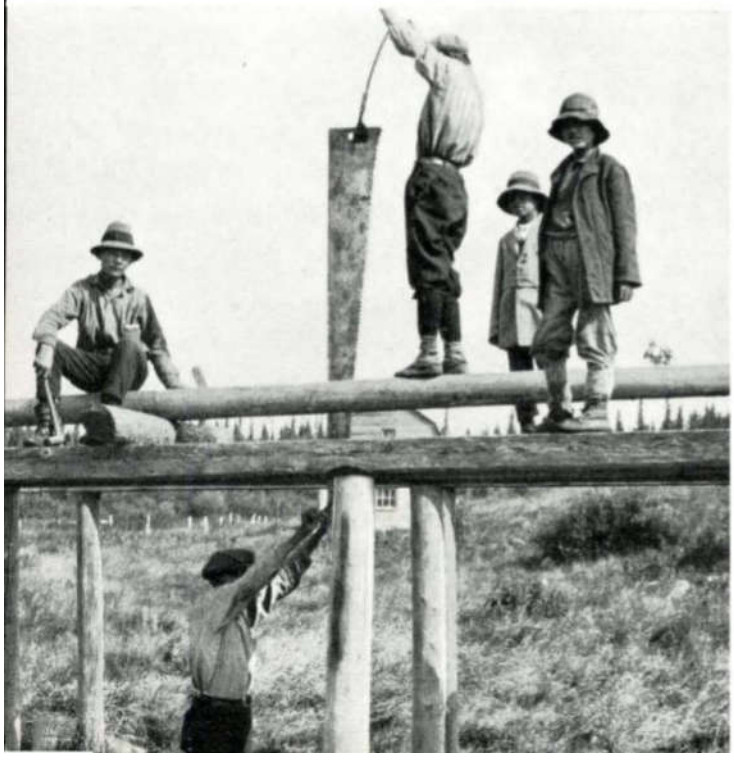
by Donald H. Clark

THE great-great-grandfather of all sawmills in the Pacific northwest was a small water-powered rig established by Hudson's Bay Company in 1828 on the Columbia River a few miles upstream from Fort Vancouver. This modest affair, fitted with an overshot waterwheel and operated by Kanaka labour, was the first evidence of Pacific coast civilization seen by thousands of home-seeking emigrants who swarmed down the Columbia River in the 1840's and following years.

When the American pioneers established homesteads and donation claims in the forest, they built "two-man-power" whipsaw mills to utilize some of the timber felled in land clearing. Later, when machinery became available, they followed the Company's lead in harnessing abundant natural water power. Along the Columbia and Cowlitz, up the Willamette and its tributaries, and on far-away Puget Sound, the whine of saws biting into fir and cedar logs swelled to a symphony of home building and lumber trading.

Captain James Cook, a half century before this first sawmill was established on the Columbia, had loaded a cargo of "small spars & pieces of lumber which might be sawn into boards" at Nootka Sound on the west coast of Vancouver Island. Ten years later John Meares brought to Nootka the frame and fittings for a small vessel, dug saw-pits, and established a miniature dockyard. These, however, were "hit-and-run" operations with no permanent plan. They were short-lived, in isolated areas, and inspired no others to use the vast forests as a foundation for enduring communities.

The time-honoured method of sawing planks, in use at most Hudson's Bay posts until recent times. Natl. Mus. of Canada.



Construction of the real progenitor of the northwest lumber industry was started in 1827 following George Simpson's visit to Fort Vancouver in 1824-1825. Governor Simpson and Chief Factor John McLoughlin conceived lumber production not only for building ships and facilities at the fort, but for sale to the Sandwich Islands, California, the west coast of South America and other markets available to Hudson's Bay Company ships. The mill also assured year-round work for Company employees as a complement to the fur trade, and utilized Company ships and crews during off-seasons.

It was built on the north bank of the Columbia at the mouth of a small stream some six miles above Fort Vancouver. The mill machinery was shipped from England in a Hudson's Bay Company vessel, and installed by William H. Crate, brought from Canada for the purpose. William Cannon, who came overland with the Astorians as a hunter and handy man, was employed as millwright and later became superintendent.

Dr. McLoughlin expressed his need for a sawmill in letters to the Company, and in his construction of a saw-pit operation at the fort to produce lumber for fur-shipping containers. "Men are now Employed in sawing Boards for this purpose," the doctor wrote on September 1st, 1826, ". . . it is necessary the Boards should be sawed a year before hand so as to dry and properly season."

The sixty-ton vessel *Vancouver*, built at the fort during the same period, and sheathed with crude hand-sawn planks, was unseaworthy. "The want of a sawmill," Aemilius Simpson reported to McLoughlin, "has been the cause of our not fitting her out for sea." He went on to comment with some bitterness on her warped planks and wide seams.

When the sawmill started in 1828 it had a single saw operating on the primitive "muley" system, and an eight-man crew of Sandwich Islanders. Four fathoms of water close to the river bank permitted loading of lumber by the Company's largest ships. The annual cut approximated 300,000 board feet of deals and plank, against an operating cost of £150. Ten shillings per thousand was extremely cheap lumber, but stumpage was free and the Kanaka labourers' wages were £17 per year plus their board, which consisted mostly of smoked salmon and sea biscuit.

On this basis Governor Simpson believed that the timber trade might prove as profitable to the Company as the coastal trade in furs. He took McLoughlin to examine the falls of the Willamette River which now run the many mills of Oregon City. "Saws enough could be employed here to load the British Navy," Simpson enthused, and forthwith charged the Doctor with establishment of a large sawmill at the falls "as soon as circumstances permitted." The record shows that McLoughlin developed the power site and had timbers hewn for building the mill, but when the machinery was shipped from England it was diverted to Company establishments on Vancouver Island.

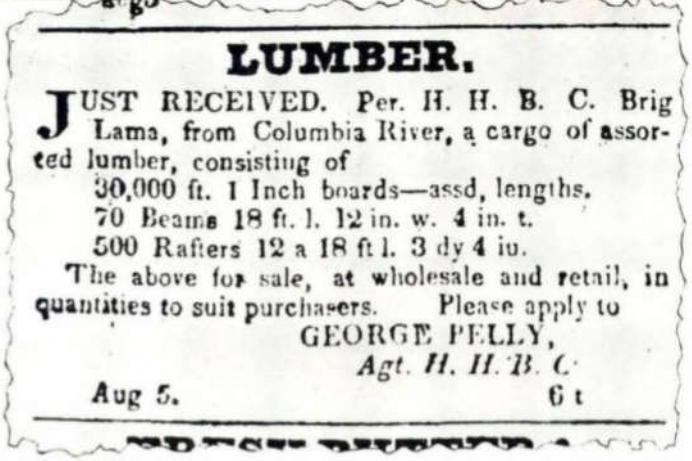
Meanwhile the original mill buzzed along merrily, often running a night shift. In the fall of 1830 the *Vancouver* took a cargo to "Wahoo" (Oahu), which included 13,000 feet of deals, and the *Dryad* sailed for Monterey, California, with 35,000 feet of planks which brought exceptionally good prices.

By 1836 the mill crew had been increased to twenty-eight and the original logging equipment of two yoke of oxen had been boosted to ten. The Kanakas were excellent mill hands, but jealousy of white employees forced the Company to reduce their wages to £10 annually. Incidentally, these Sandwich Islanders were indentured by their government to Hudson's Bay Company for three-year periods, and they were expendable to the extent that the Company had no obligation in case of their death. However, there was a cash penalty if they remained alive and were not returned to their native heath at the expiration of the contract.

After ten years of active operation, the sawmill evidently needed a complete overhauling, as evidenced by a letter to Governor Simpson in March 1838 from James Douglas, in charge of Fort Vancouver during McLoughlin's furlough. "When in repair," Douglas emphasizes, "it cuts 1500 square feet of one and two-inch Boards on an average every week. If it worked steadily at this rate, we could furnish if necessary at least double the quantity of Lumber annually sold in the Sandwich Island market." He added that the mill worked from six to ten saws, and that the crew was divided into hewers, carters, fodderers, rafters, sawyers, and one overseer.

The same paragraph of Douglas's letter indicates some labour instability. "We greatly feel the want of a gang of trained sawyers who would take an interest in the work, and be kept exclusively engaged about the Mill . . . our ablest and best men, are often called off by other more pressing duties, and the Saw Mill work must then be committed to people quite unqualified to do it justice. However, even under the system, we are now constrained to pursue, we will contrive to keep the disposable shipping in constant occupation and think fully to meet the demands of the Sandwich Islands."

Between spring and fall of that year Douglas rebuilt the mill, following suggestions by McLoughlin, and installed double gearing and lighter saw frames. Admitting that it was still imperfect, Douglas reported a cut of 90,000 feet of one-inch boards in four months, which more than



LUMBER.

JUST RECEIVED. Per. H. H. B. C. Brig Lama, from Columbia River, a cargo of assorted lumber, consisting of

30,000 ft. 1 Inch boards—assd, lengths.
70 Beams 18 ft. l. 12 in. w. 4 in. t.
500 Rafters 12 a 18 ft l. 3 dy 4 in.

The above for sale, at wholesale and retail, in quantities to suit purchasers. Please apply to

GEORGE PELLY,
Agt. H. H. B. C.

Aug 5. 6 t

Lumber from the pioneer mill arrives at Honolulu. Advertisement in the "Sandwich Island Gazette" for Aug. 5, 1837.

doubled the output of the original mill. The Sandwich Island market paid $2,400 for 60,000 feet of this lumber, which according to Douglas was considerably above the total sawmill expense for the four months period.

In the fall of 1839, following return to Fort Vancouver after his furlough, McLoughlin writes of shipping difficulties: "There is a demand at Woahoo [another interesting variation in spelling] for Spars and Timber of 40 feet, but we cannot send either in the Vessels hold, in consequence of our Vessels having no raft Port, and I am afraid if I get one here, it would vitiate the insurance."

He also mentioned that the Sandwich Island market was furnished with little lumber other than that supplied by the Fort Vancouver mill, and that prices in that market had been raised to 5½c per square foot. Briskness of demand, as well as profitable prices, were credited to the effective salesmanship of the Company's Sandwich Island agent, George Pelly. Alertness in keeping buyers informed of his stock is indicated by advertisements in Honolulu publications. The following appeared under date of December 22, 1838: "Just received per Hudson's Bay Company's Barque *Columbia* from Columbia River, an assorted invoice of lumber, chiefly boards of various dimensions, in all about 60,000 feet."

A year later McLoughlin reported the Sandwich Island market still firm, and concluded his letter with the statement, "Mr. Pelly has consequently effected sales within the last year to the amount of 16943½ dollars, having sold off nearly our entire stock . . . ."

Not only did Hawaii purchase most of the lumber produced by the H B C sawmill on the Columbia; it also supplied nearly all the mill's labour. The Company certainly was staffed by real traders who overlooked few bets.

In the summer of 1841, McLoughlin sought permission to increase Fort Vancouver's sawmilling capacity at the expense of his especial *bete noir*, the Company steamship *Beaver*. He suggested removal of the *Beaver's* engine to power a steam-operated sawmill on the Columbia or Cowlitz, which would "not depend on water fall as now," and the conversion of the *Beaver* to a sailing ship for the California trade. His plan evidently met with disfavour, which was quite understandable to those who knew of Governor Simpson's faith in the *Beaver* and his partiality toward trading ships as compared with land-based trading posts.

Had McLoughlin been given a free hand, there is little doubt that the Company would have operated sawmills at many strategic points in the Columbia River basin, including the falls of the Willamette. He did as well as he could with his one mill, considering its mechanical and labour limitations. On March 20, 1844, he had 260,000 feet of lumber ready for shipment, and more in the making. He carried this on his books at 75 shillings per thousand, although it sold at 200 shillings or more.

Following determination of the boundary between Canada and the United States on June 15, 1846, Governor Simpson ordered an immediate inventory of all H B C property south of the 49th parallel of latitude. Fort Vancouver's inventory by Chief Factors Peter Skene Ogden and James Douglas carried the sawmill at a value of £2500. "1 (one) substantially built sawmill, 91x30 feet, capable of working a gang of 11 saws with an overshot wheel of 16 feet diameter."

They also listed, "1 (one) New Single Sawmill, 60x19½ feet," at £1500, but the record does not indicate whether this was in operation at the time of inventory.

During the following year, anticipating removal of the board of management and of all Company property from the Columbia River to Fort Victoria, the sawmill was dismantled and most of its equipment sold to Michael Simmons, an American pioneer. He used the machinery to build a sawmill at Tumwater, some eighteen miles from Nisqually House. Thus the first sawmill on the Columbia became also the first sawmill on Puget Sound.

Had the H B C remained in the Oregon country, it would unquestionably have been a major factor in the lumber industry that developed rapidly during the next few decades. However, the equal rights to navigation of the Columbia that were accorded British traders by the boundary treaty were nullified by the levy of heavy duties on British or foreign-made goods by American customs officials.

The little sawmill on the Columbia served the Company well in furnishing lumber to build forts, warehouses and ships, and earned substantial profits in the export trade. Those benefits, however, terminated with the closing of the mill. The enduring value of this pioneer operation, and one that is uncredited by historians, is the example it set to early settlers, and the vast industry it fostered.

In 1843 Oregon settlers from the middle-western states built a similar mill on the Tualatin Plains near present-day Cottage Grove. Another mill was put into operation that same year on the Columbia River opposite Puget Island. Hunt's mill was started below Westport, Oregon, in 1846, just in time to have 100,000 feet of lumber ready for sale in California during the gold rush—at a cool hundred dollars a thousand.

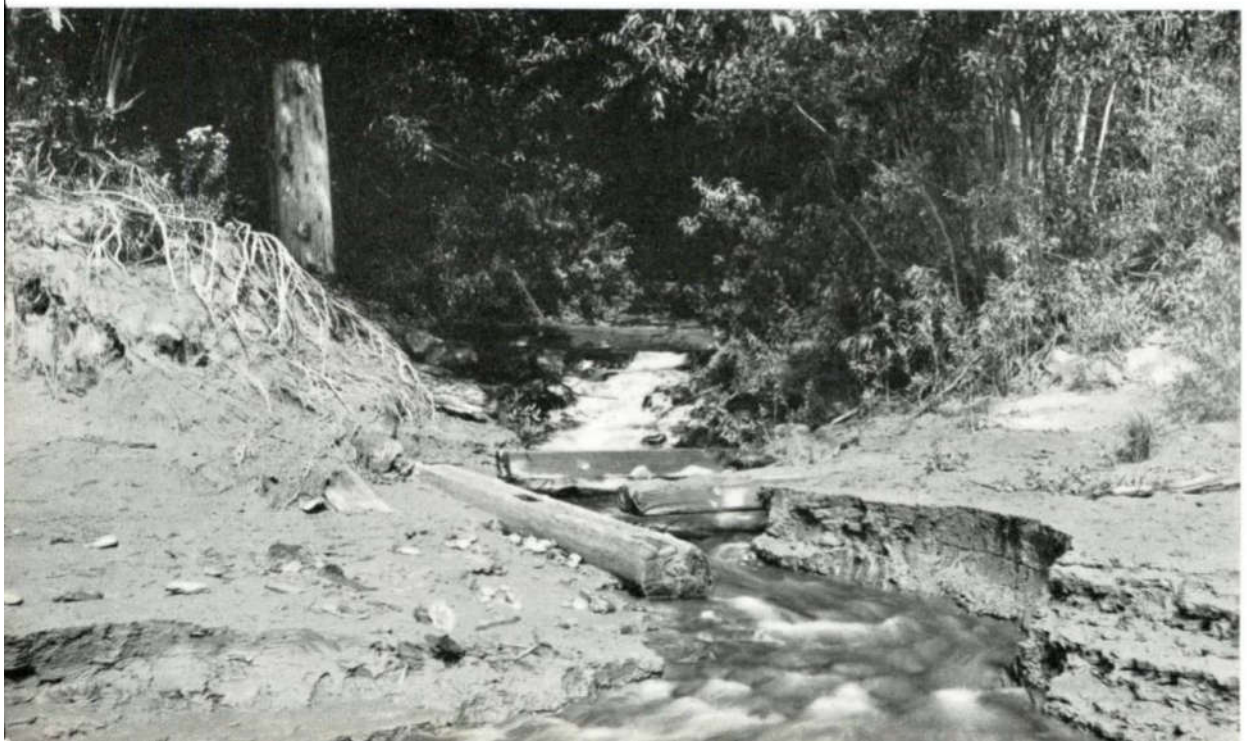
Abernethy & Clark's mill at Oak Point, Marland's mill at Tongue Point, and a mill at Milwaukie were also operating in time to catch the booming California market of 1849 and the early 1850's. In 1850 Abrams & Reed built the first steam sawmill to appear in Oregon, located on the present site of Portland, and in the following year a water-powered mill was erected in the same vicinity by James Welch.

Many other mills, similar in design and function, sprang up along the Columbia and its tributaries. Sawmilling spread to Puget Sound, and increased so rapidly that in 1855, Nisqually House, heretofore engaged in trade with Indians, called for "finer kinds of goods to satisfy the demands of the now fast increasing white population coming into the country to find employment at the large sawmills now in operation and in the course of construction."

Pacific northwest lumbermen might well erect an enduring monument on the site of Fort Vancouver's sawmill, with the inscription:

HERE STOOD THE FIRST SAWMILL
IN THE PACIFIC NORTHWEST—
FOUNDER OF A GREAT INDUSTRY.

All that remains of the first sawmill in the Pacific Northwest. Leo. F. Simon



BOOK REVIEWS

THIS RECKLESS BREED OF MEN by Robert Glass Cleland. McClelland & Stewart, Toronto, and A. A. Knopf, New York, 1950. 346 pages.

THERE is a danger that the title of this work may do its author and its publisher a disservice. There is a danger that it may be read only by those looking for a romantic, and not necessarily accurate, account of high adventure in the great South West. Such readers will probably be disappointed. On the other hand, those who take a serious interest in the history of that region might well avoid it for much the same reason. If so, they will miss a very worthwhile piece of work.

The region with which this book deals is one which historians of the fur trade have generally neglected—an area extending from the lower reaches of the Columbia south to the Gulf of California, and from the Great Salt Lake westwards to the coast. Over this vast region roamed "the mountain-men," the hardy (but surely not "reckless") men who sought the beaver and founded an empire during the decades from the 1820's through the 1840's.

The book consists largely of the stories of individual trappers and traders. And such men as Jedediah Smith, the Patties, both father and son, and Joseph Walker, make fine material for a series of stirring tales. Along with their narratives, however, Mr. Cleland has included a wealth of information about the beaver itself, the methods used to trap that animal, and the conditions of living on the trails and trapping grounds of the Southwest.

The author is perhaps less sure of his material when he comes to deal with areas and agencies which are peripheral to his area of study. For example, the chapter in which the activities of the Hudson's Bay Company are described might lead the reader to believe that the methods of trading here described were the methods generally used by the Company. In fact, however, the expeditions described in this work—those of Peter Skene Ogden and John Work—were in every respect extraordinary ventures. And the brigade described (pp. 313-314) as a typical company brigade, is vastly different from what anyone familiar with Company policies would expect. It is to be regretted, too, that materials such as Work's journals, and the latest collections of McLoughlin's letters, were not used in preference to periodical literature.

This is, of course, a matter which is hardly essential to the study. Mr. Cleland set himself the task of describing in some detail the careers of the best-known of the mountain men, and in that task he has succeeded admirably. The cursory reader will be rewarded by an interesting tale interestingly told, while the historian will find a wealth of pertinent information, well-documented and supplemented by an adequate bibliography. And both will be impressed by the clearness and conciseness of Mr. Cleland's style.—*J. H. S. Reid.*

DAYS WITHOUT TIME, by Edwin Way Teale, with 144 photos by the author. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York, 1948. 265 pages.

"IN two senses," writes Mr. Teale, "the chapters of this book represent adventures in a timeless world. The events that they record are part of the timelessness of nature. They are also part of days spent with little regard for the hour or the minute—days without time." The whole book deals with the endless variety of nature, but perhaps its chief characteristic, both in story and picture, is a revelation of the fascinating life that goes on every day under our noses, and which we seldom if ever see.

The chapter on the milk weed trap is a good example of this. Probably you are familiar with this showy wildflower whose heads are made up of dozens of tiny sweet-smelling blossoms. But did you know that each of these blossoms has five ingenious traps around its cylindrical centre, which catch the legs of nectar-hunting insects? The strong ones can jerk loose, carrying on their legs a mass of pollen to fertilize the next bloom they visit; but the weaker ones are caught and held until they die. The author's exquisite micro-photographs show all this happening; and not only that—in themselves they are masterpieces of lighting and design.

Another chapter, completely different in substance and excellently written, concerns the wise and humorous antics of crows, both tame and wild. After reading it, you cannot help being more tolerant towards this resourceful bird "with a heart as black as his feathers."

Then there is a chapter on a most unusual experience the author once enjoyed—that of standing on the observation platform of the Empire State Building in New York all one night, during the fall migration season, and watching (or simply hearing) all sorts of birds go by on their southward courses.

One of the most exciting chapters describes the extraordinary battles that go on between creatures of different species—between a Canada goose and an osprey, a black snake and a white cat, a cricket and a flotilla of water-striders, a bluejay and a mantis, and so on.

In all there are twenty-nine chapters, each with a character of its own. Mr. Teale, says the jacket blurb, is perhaps the most widely known naturalist-author in America. And he has reason to be. Besides being a keen observer of nature in all its forms, he is a first class photographer, and his writing is highly descriptive. "Lily pads quenched the drift of my canoe with a soft, sliding murmur," one chapter begins. That, surely, is a perfect word picture.

The whole book is handsomely produced. The type is large and clear, and the headings distinctive and arresting, while the illustrations must please the photographer as much as they do the reader.—*C. W.*

TRADER KING as told to Mary Weekes by Wm. Cornwallis King. School Aids & Text Book Pub. Co., Regina, 1949. 184 pages.

READERS of the *Beaver* between 1939 and 1945 are already acquainted with the reminiscences of Chief Trader William Cornwallis King, who served the Hudson's Bay Company for forty years beginning in 1862. When he was over ninety, Mrs. Weekes began interviewing him and writing down his stories of fur trade life. These have now been published in *Trader King*, and they include several which were previously printed in the *Beaver*. In some cases the *Beaver* articles were condensed versions of the originals; but here the stories are printed in their entirety—and not always to their advantage.

In reading them, one must always keep in mind the circumstances under which they were put together. Mr. King was a very old man, trying to recall the details of events that happened anywhere from 35 to 75 years before, and endeavouring to describe them to someone not familiar with the times, the places or the frontier life he was speaking about. Under such conditions, errors naturally crept in. Moreover, by comparing some of the tales as they appeared in the *Beaver* with the same stories printed in *Trader King*, it will be seen that Mrs. Weekes has occasionally attributed to him statements which he did not make. For instance, on page 24, two paragraphs appear which were not in the original story as submitted to the *Beaver*, and published in the December 1939 issue. The material for these paragraphs was taken from an article by another author in the same *Beaver*. Such unauthorised additions make one wonder how many other such statements in the book did not originate with Mr. King.

On the same page of the book there is a paragraph about a dog driver taking a "visiting nobleman" in his dog carriole, all the way from Fort Garry to Montreal, where the dog bells "terrified the horses and tied up traffic." And on page 130 is an anecdote about Mr. King firing several shots at a standing buffalo, then finding it had been dead all along—supported by *rigor mortis!* These, of course, are some of those highly coloured yarns that northerners love to spin; but Mrs. Weekes—whether she believed them or not—has retold them with a perfectly straight face, and no hint of their absurdity.

Neither is any suggestion given that Mr. King's memory may sometimes have been at fault. Surely there must have been times when he couldn't quite remember the details; but as Mrs. Weekes has recorded his reminiscences, he was never in doubt about anything.

Some of the most doubtful statements are to be found in Chapter 13, and two of them could have been corrected if the author had merely looked at a map. In the first paragraph she records Mr. King as saying that, on the way from Fort St. John up the Peace River to Hudson's Hope, he met a party coming down the Finlay River. The Finlay River, however, is over 100 miles above Hudson Hope. On the next page, Mr. King rides overland from McLeod's Lake to Fort St. John—a distance, says the book, of 60 miles. The distance in an air line is 130. And on the following page Mr. King is said to describe the Peace River opposite old Fort St. John—which he must have known very well—as a canyon, with huge boulders forming a boiling rapid in which there were at least two cascades. In reality there are no boulders, no rapids, no cascades, and no canyon.

Such errors are of themselves unimportant. But they do cast doubt on the authenticity of other statements in the book which cannot be checked at this late date.

For the record, it might be as well to point out a few of the minor mistakes which this reviewer noticed. (Numbers refer to pages): 40: Three pounds of food per man each day is too much: three pounds from point to point too little. 51: Two shillings for a 90-pound piece over one portage cannot be right. In 1864 a middleman received only £24 a year. 75: There was no such thing as a made beaver *skin*. 84: "Overshoes" should be "snowshoes." 110: "Fleet" should be "Flett," and "Archbishop" should be "Archdeacon." What would a horse be doing among the Loucheux? 116: *Jenue* should be *Gens*.

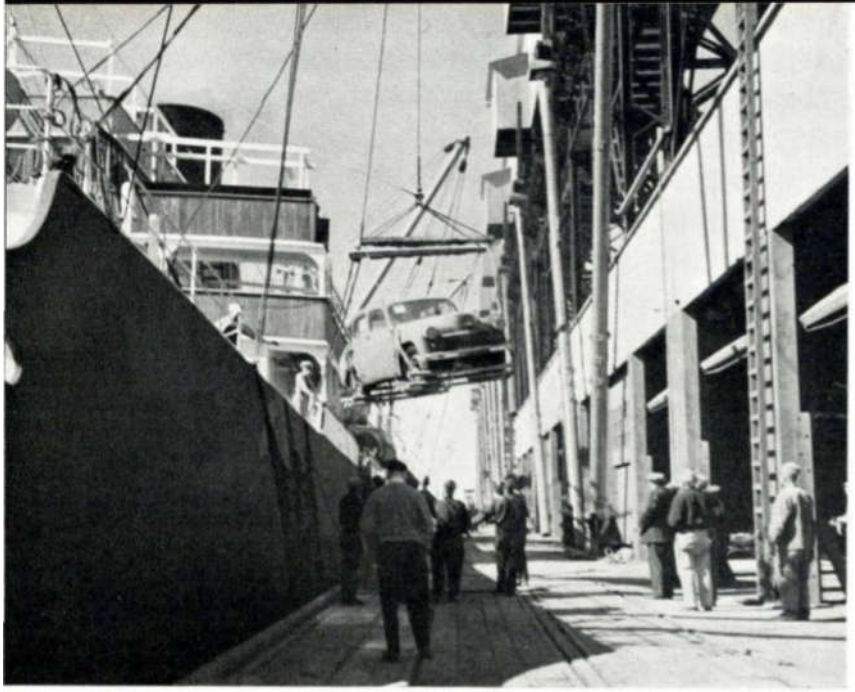
129: There was no such place as the Victoria, Edmonton post. Dr. Grant of the Fleming expedition in his *Ocean to Ocean* shows that Mr. King joined the party at Carlton House, not Fort Garry. 155: There would be no coal oil at Fort Rae in 1883. 160: It would be impossible for boats to be "caught in the rapids and frozen in." 163: It would be equally impossible for a wolf to carry shreds of clothing in his claws for so long. 179: "Wrigley" should read "Chipman."

How many of these misstatements originated with Mr. King, and how many through Mrs. Weekes' misunderstanding of what he said, it is of course impossible to say. The important point is that they appear in print as part of his otherwise reliable reminiscences.

But one must not blame Mrs. Weekes unduly for such interpretations. Rather she ought to be commended for getting together with Mr. King and, through many long and weary sessions, writing down what the old man said. So often such reminiscences are allowed to die with the raconteur before they can be recorded. Here, for once, they were set down as they were recalled. And despite their imperfections they have a ring of reality about them which can be obtained in no other way.

The flavour of the old fur trade is there, especially in the earlier chapters which deal with the period before Rupert's Land was taken over by the Government of Canada. Mr. King knew A. G. Dallas, Simpson's successor as Governor-in-chief of Rupert's Land, and was in fact sent north by him in 1863. If he had joined the Company only three years earlier, he would probably have met the "Little Emperor" himself.

If *Trader King* goes to a second edition, it is to be hoped that Mrs. Weekes does some heavy editing and deleting. If she does, the book will have considerably more value as an eye-witness record of an era that will never return to the North.—*C. P. Wilson.*



British cars for Canada are swung ashore from a freighter at Churchill on Hudson Bay. D. B. Marsh

In the wheelhouse of the "Fort Hearne," new H B C Western Arctic vessel, an Eskimo takes the helm under orders from Capt. Len Adey.
J. H. Webster

Here and There

Democracy at work in the Arctic. Peter Kamingoak of Coppermine casts his vote in the Dominion elections last summer. Leo Manning, H B C post manager, who was returning officer for the district, drops his ballot in the box.
J. H. Webster

On the most northerly golf course in the world (Lat. 70° 30'), Bill Calder, H B C post manager from Aberdeen, sinks the winning putt in the 1949 Holman Island Handicap. Other contestants were Father R. P. Buliard (left) and Dr. A. L. Washburn, director of the Arctic Institute, whose wife took the picture.

THE SASKATCHEWAN (Rivers of America Series) by Marjorie Wilkins Campbell. Clarke, Irwin & Co., Toronto, and Rinehart, New York, 1949. 370 pages.

ACTUALLY I haven't tried to satisfy anyone except myself," says Mrs. Campbell of her book on the Saskatchewan. There are worse objects for an author to have in writing a book, and Mrs. Campbell, writing to satisfy herself, has written with zest and sincerity. She is painstaking and conscientious. She has omitted to consult no person who could have given her useful assistance, and her acknowledgements are full and generous. She can tell a good yarn and her book should certainly satisfy very many more people than herself.

She begins with a "Geography Lesson" and traces her river from its source among the glaciers past the modern cities that stand upon its banks; she ends with the rehabilitation of prairie farms after drought, with irrigation along the south branch of the river and a glimpse into the future. Along the way she tells the familiar story of the fur traders, of the opening of settlement after 1870, and of the Rebellion of '85. She has not overlooked the less familiar story of the steamboats that, with constant difficulties, navigated its shallow and treacherous waters, and she finds space for Alberta's oil wells.

This is a very great deal to cover in 370 pages and inevitably the treatment is patchy. Likewise this is not the sort of book in which to look for original research, and the first half particularly is full of echoes of Mrs. Campbell's secondary sources. It is a common fault of followers of secondary sources to exaggerate the misjudgements and faulty emphases of the source they use, and Mrs. Campbell is not an exception here. Writing, as she does, with enthusiasm for her topic, she has a marked tendency to see things through unduly rose-tinted spectacles, and she creates more occasions for giving praise than the primary sources for her subject warrant. To Cree women, for example, she ascribes those virtues of love and loyalty which Samuel Hearne was rather specially explicit in denying them; and, whatever weaknesses may be either reasonably or fatuously attributed to him, only a bold man would deny that Hearne knew his Indians. A woman, however, may perhaps be pardoned for the (dare we say?) rare fault of being unduly charitable to other women, and Mrs. Campbell has charity for all.

Partly, no doubt, for this reason, but partly, certainly, because she has read Arthur Morton with some care, her treatment of the H B C offers a rather refreshing contrast to the fashion in which some popular historical or semi-historical works make a cheap villain of the Company. One may find her tone needlessly patronising at times, but she shows a real appreciation of the qualities of at least some of the Company's servants. Her writing is usually clear, though she has some aggravating tricks of style, and occasionally says what she obviously does not mean; for example in describing the making of pemmican she tells how powdered buffalo meat and hot fat were poured into bags, and then adds "if camp happened to be near a thicket of wild saskatoon berries, in they went, after the manner of all good cooks!" This reviewer has indeed known cooks whom he would have been happy to see plunged into boiling fat, but they were not good cooks.

As our objections may indicate, the scholarly and critical reader will find in this book more than a few points to which he is likely to object, but it remains our view that the Saskatchewan has not been unfortunate in having Mrs. Campbell as its chronicler for the general American reading public.—*R. Glover.*

FRANKLIN OF THE ARCTIC, by Richard S. Lambert. McClelland & Stewart, Toronto, 1949. 354 pages

FRANKLIN'S story forms a thrilling chapter in the history of northern Canada. Even the tales of the mutiny on the *Bounty* or Scott in the Antarctic are not in a class with it, and Mr. Lambert tells it wonderfully well. Where is there another true story so full of drama and pathos, and where such an exhibition of dogged courage in the pursuit of a great purpose?

The author has evidently done a tremendous amount of reading to familiarize himself with a part of the world that was new to him; but there are still a few slips in his narrative which may be criticized by those who know the Central Arctic at first hand. All of them lie within the last forty pages of the story.

Franklin died on June 11, 1847, and if his coffin had been covered only with ice blocks on the frozen surface of the sea, as the author suggests (p. 302), those blocks would soon have melted, leaving the coffin to be plundered by polar bears. The same would be true of the cairn of ice and snow blocks in which Mr. Lambert says the Victory Point record was deposited (p. 314). Hobson found this record in a *stone* cairn—as the author rightly states on page 330.

Elsewhere, McClure is credited with drifting through the Northwest Passage in his ship *Investigator*—thus becoming the first white man ever to take a vessel through that long-sought channel. It is true that McClure and his crew were the first white men ever to make it—but they had abandoned the *Investigator* in the Bay of Mercy, North Banks Island, and from there made the journey on foot across the ice to connect with other ships, which carried them the rest of the way through the Passage.

On page 314, the distance between the spot where the ships were abandoned and the mainland is considerably exaggerated. It was less than 100 miles—not 250. But a much greater exaggeration—obviously due to a simple error—is found on page 308, where the cost of the Franklin search is given as 3 *billion*, instead of 3 million dollars.

On the next page, Back's River is called *Oot-koo-hi-ca-lik*, an Eskimo name which Mr. Lambert translates as "Great Fish." This word, however, is the name of the country about the river's mouth, *Han-ning-i-o-u*, the Eskimo name for the river, means that it runs crosswise to all other rivers in that area. "Great Fish" is the translation of the Chipewyan name, *Thlew-ee-choh-dezeth*.

One can hardly agree with the author's statement that Pete Norberg's arrival at Rasmussen's camp in Simpson Strait "was one of the first steps towards opening up the Arctic to all-the-year-round settlement." Nearly all the Arctic barren lands of Canada had been thrown wide open to the white man long before Rasmussen even thought of leaving Greenland. In fact he could not have made his famous journey across the top of Canada had not Hudson's Bay and R.C.M.P. posts been there ahead of him all the way to Alaska.

The above points, however, will only be raised by readers who know the Arctic; and even they will agree that the tale must come pretty close to giving an accurate description of how Franklin's great effort petered out so pathetically and fearfully in the end. According to the jacket, the book was written for the particular benefit of youngsters of about 13 to 16. If that is so, I must still be young, for I enjoyed reading it more than when I first read *Treasure Island*.—*L. A. Learmonth.*

Summer Packet

Fort Vancouver

"Saturday, March 19th. At Sun rise mustered all the people to hoist the Flag Staff of the new Establishment and in presence of the Gentlemen, Servants, Chiefs & Indians I baptised it by breaking a Bottle of Rum on the Flag Staff and repeating the following words in a loud voice, 'In behalf of the Honble. Hudsons Bay Coy. I hereby name this Establishment *Fort Vancouver* God Save King George the 4th' with three cheers."

Thus Governor George Simpson, in his journal of 1825, describes the naming of the fur trade post which was to become the capital of the great Columbia District, and grow into the present city of Vancouver, Washington. This ceremony was repeated in March, exactly 125 years later, at Vancouver barracks parade ground, and marked the opening of the celebrations which will be climaxed with three days of festivities in August.

Flood

As we go to press, the flood waters at Winnipeg are still at the peak—more than thirty feet above datum. In some quarters, dikes still hold back the immense pressure of the swollen Red; in many others, the river rushes right through abandoned dwellings whose first storeys are submerged. And over 100,000 people have evacuated the city.

Night and day, right round the clock, thousands of military and volunteer workers build and repair the remaining dikes. Relief agencies, such as the Red Cross and St. John's Ambulance Association, are going all out, and as is usual in such catastrophes, man's humanity to man is touchingly evident on all sides.

Many business firms have suffered heavily; but in Hudson's Bay House we have been fortunate. For a while, the road behind the building which serves the fur trade and wholesale shipping departments as well as the Canadian National Express, was deeply flooded, so that there was danger of the basement floor being submerged, and goods for express shipment had to be delivered (shades of the *voyageurs*!) by freight canoe. But a good strong dike was built between the road's end and the mounting Assiniboine, and in one night the whole road was pumped dry. If it were not for the dike, the shipping floor would be flooded shoulder-high.

The *Beaver*, being an amphibian, naturally feels quite at home, and should appear right on schedule. Two of its furry namesakes, perhaps in a spirit of neighbourliness, have established themselves on the bank of the Assiniboine only a couple of hundred yards from this office.

Contributors

Guy H. Blanchet travelled widely throughout the north for several years in the course of his duties as a Dominion Government surveyor. . . . *Donald H. Clark* is research associate and instructor in forestry at the University of Washington. . . . *James Taylor Dunn* is librarian of the New York State Historical Society at Cooperstown. . . . *R. Glover* is assistant professor of history at the University of Manitoba. . . . *James H. Gray*, a former Winnipeg newspaperman, is editor of the "Farm & Ranch Review" of Calgary. . . . *Richard and Lyn Harrington* are a husband-and-wife team of photographer and writer who cover Canada from coast to coast. . . . *J. A. Houston* is an artist of Grand'mère, Quebec, who occasionally visits the Eskimos on behalf of the Canadian Handicrafts Guild. . . . *L. A. Learmonth* is a Franklin enthusiast who conducts his researches *in situ*. . . . *Adelaide Leitch* is a free lance writer of Toronto. . . . *Molly McFadden* of Winnipeg does research and writing on Prairie "grass-roots" history. . . . *J. H. S. Reid*, a former west coast resident, is professor of history at United College, Winnipeg. . . . *C. P. Wilson* is editor of the "Beaver."

Canadian Committee Retirements

SEVERAL theories have been advanced to explain the longevity of the Hudson's Bay Company, which celebrated its 280th birthday last month. They range all the way from good luck to good management. But the soundest reason of all seems to be the fortunately recurring combination of the man and the hour—the right men in power at the right time. Certain it is that many of those who have directed its destinies have been men of high calibre and unusual foresight, who had the Company's interests at heart more than their own.

That enviable tradition of loyalty and unselfish service extends up to the present day; and it is found in all ranks, from the young apprentices in the far north to the executive officers and directors at headquarters.

For the past twenty-two years, the Company has benefited greatly from the presence of two such men on its Canadian Committee—Conrad S. Riley and Robert J. Gourley. Both outstanding business men, with that calm wisdom, and ability to take the long-term view, that has characterized so many of the Company's leaders, they have devoted a tremendous amount of their time and energy and sound judgment to its welfare.

Joining the Committee, as they did, shortly before the depression of the thirties, they helped to guide the Company through those troublous years to the strong position it enjoys today. Now, with the result of their labours so gratifyingly evident, they have retired together from the Canadian Committee.

To honour them, the officers of the Company in Canada held a notable banquet at the Winnipeg store on the Company's 280th birthday. At the great table, ninety feet long, were seated eighty of the Company's men, serving and retired, drawn from points all across Canada, from Victoria, B.C., to St. John's, Newfoundland.

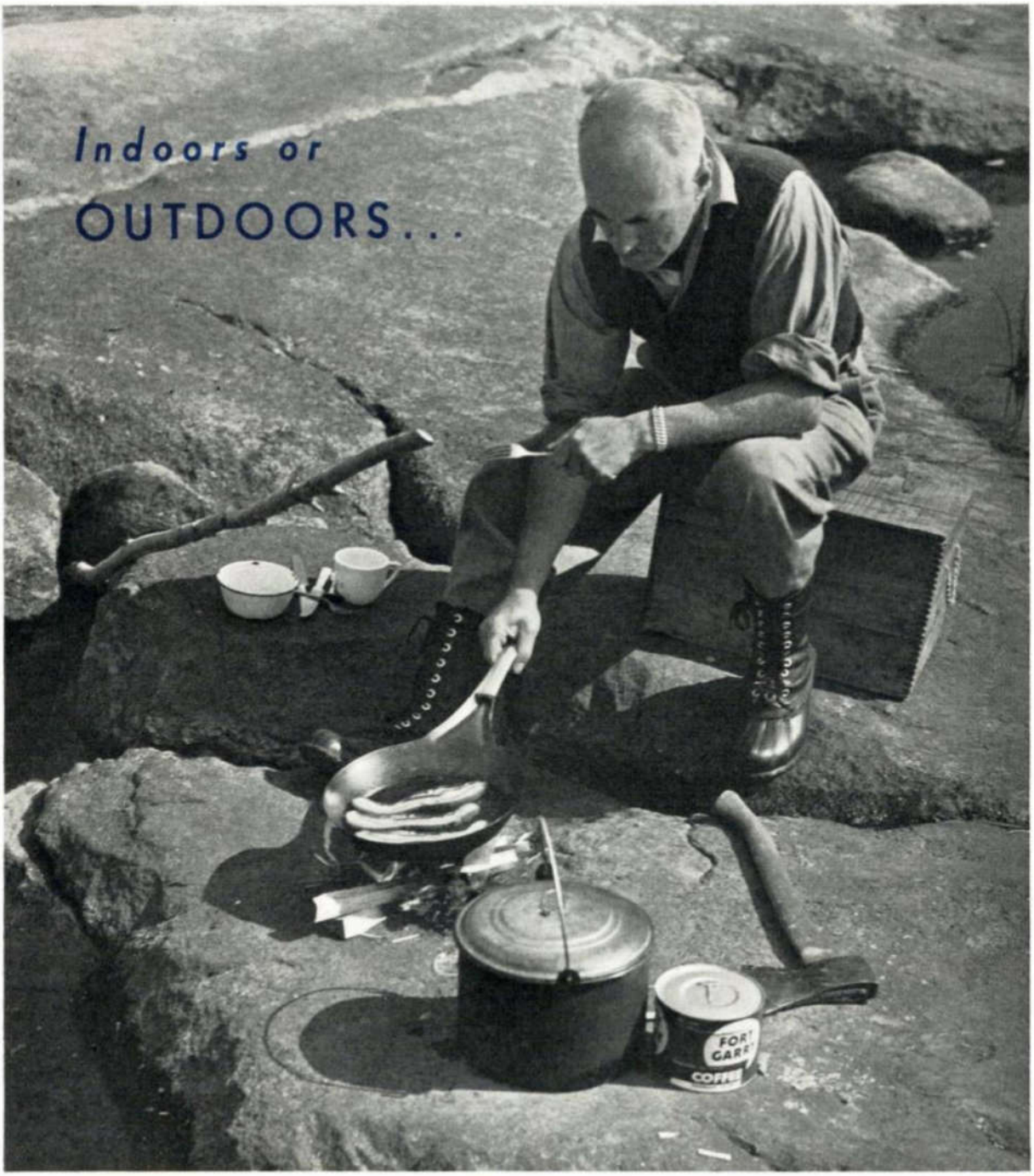
Such a great gathering of Hudson's Bay officers had not been seen in all its history. Presiding was Philip A. Chester, managing director, and on behalf of the entire body of Company men and women in Canada, he presented the guests of honour with two admirably wrought pieces of silver.

Mr. Riley, retiring chairman of the Canadian Committee, received a large silver bowl supported by crouching beavers, while Mr. Gourley was presented with a silver salver. Both pieces, handmade in Montreal by a Danish craftsman, bore in relief the Company's coat-of-arms, and other symbols of its operations during their tenure of office.

Mr. Riley had served as chairman of the Canadian Committee, and as a member of the London Board, since December 18, 1940, when he was appointed by the Governor and Committee to succeed the late Mr. George W. Allan. He joined the Canadian Committee on May 23, 1928. One of Canada's best oarsmen in his younger days, he stroked the Winnipeg crew to victory at Henley in 1910, and brought home the Steward's Cup. In World War I he organized the 59th battery, Canadian Field Artillery, and took them overseas. Later he commanded the Artillery Brigade in the Reserve Army.

Mr. Gourley joined the Committee shortly before Mr. Riley, on March 15, 1928, and like him, has been associated for many years with various business and financial concerns. Through all these different interests both of them have come in contact with all sorts of business enterprises, in small towns as well as cities, and their knowledge of the Canadian scene thus gained has been of inestimable value in charting the course of the Hudson's Bay Company during the past twenty-two years.

The silver bowl (below) was presented to C. S. Riley, and the silver tray to R. J. Gourley, at their retirement on May 2nd after twenty-two years with the Canadian Committee. Each piece bears in relief the Company's coat-of-arms, and representations of the Edmonton store, the M.V. "Rupertsland," a modern fur trade post, and Hudson's Bay House.



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